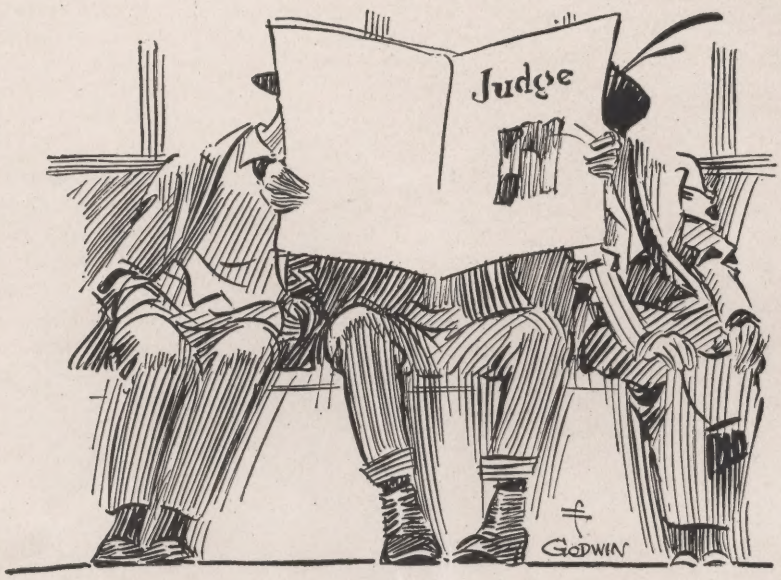
JUDGE

AUGUST 22, 1925
PRICE 15 CENTS

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER HUMOROUS WEEKLY IN THE WORLD

"PURE AND SIMPLE"

HELLO
ONCE-IN-AWHILE-READERS
OF
JUDGE



DON'T BE ALL WET

JUST PEEL A DOLLAR BILL FROM YOUR ROLL
AND MAIL IT WITH THE
COUPON BELOW
AND WE WILL
SEND

JUDGE

FOR
TEN WEEKS

Incidentally— do it now

JUDGE
627 West 43d Street, New York.
Put me down for 10 weeks of JUDGE. Here's your dollar.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....
Date.....

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JUDGE

Vacation Reminiscences

THE roast beef hash on Monday.

The one in the red bathing suit.

What the women on the porch were saying.

The canoe that tipped so inopportunely.

The girl who thought she could play tennis.

Ditto golf.

The fellow on the train who didn't play bridge very well, but was willing to help out and make a fourth.

The sunburn.

The poison ivy.

The ptomaine poisoning.

The sprained ankle.

The mosquitoes.

How glad you were to get home.

The debts.

Dark Look

Alice—You should have seen the awful look that brute gave Reginald when he told him to mind his own business.

May—What sort of a look?

"Two black eyes."

***

"My dear sir, what you need is a complete rest."

"But, doctor, I retired from business three years ago, and haven't done any work since."

"Ah, then I have located the seat of the trouble, you must have some employment to keep your mind occupied!"

Social Stories

I HAD *such* a lovely time.

You must come again *real* soon.

What a *charming* child.

Oh, he's just an ordinary boy.

I just got in town this minute. You're the first one I called up.

So sorry to be late! The taxi-driver got lost.

Awfully glad you called me. I'd have phoned you, but I must have mislaid your telephone number.

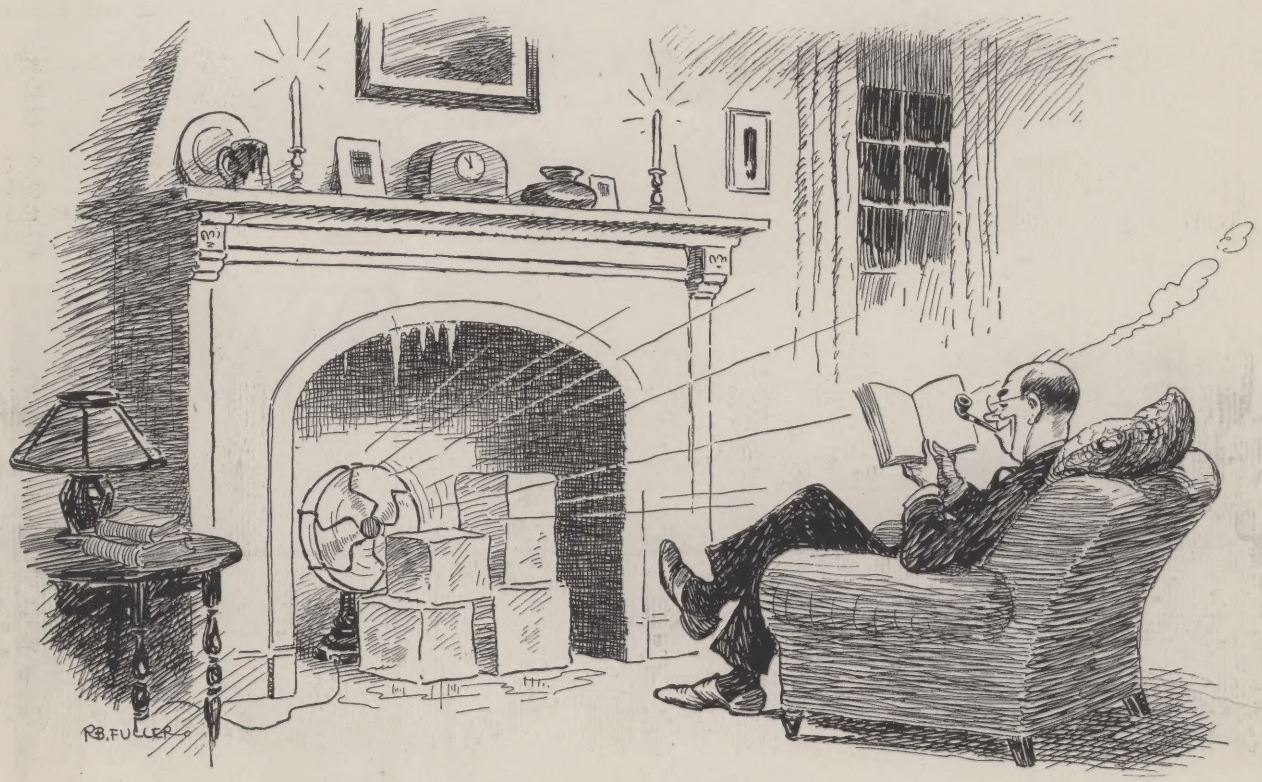
I'm not a bit hungry.

You're the only man I honestly enjoy dancing with.

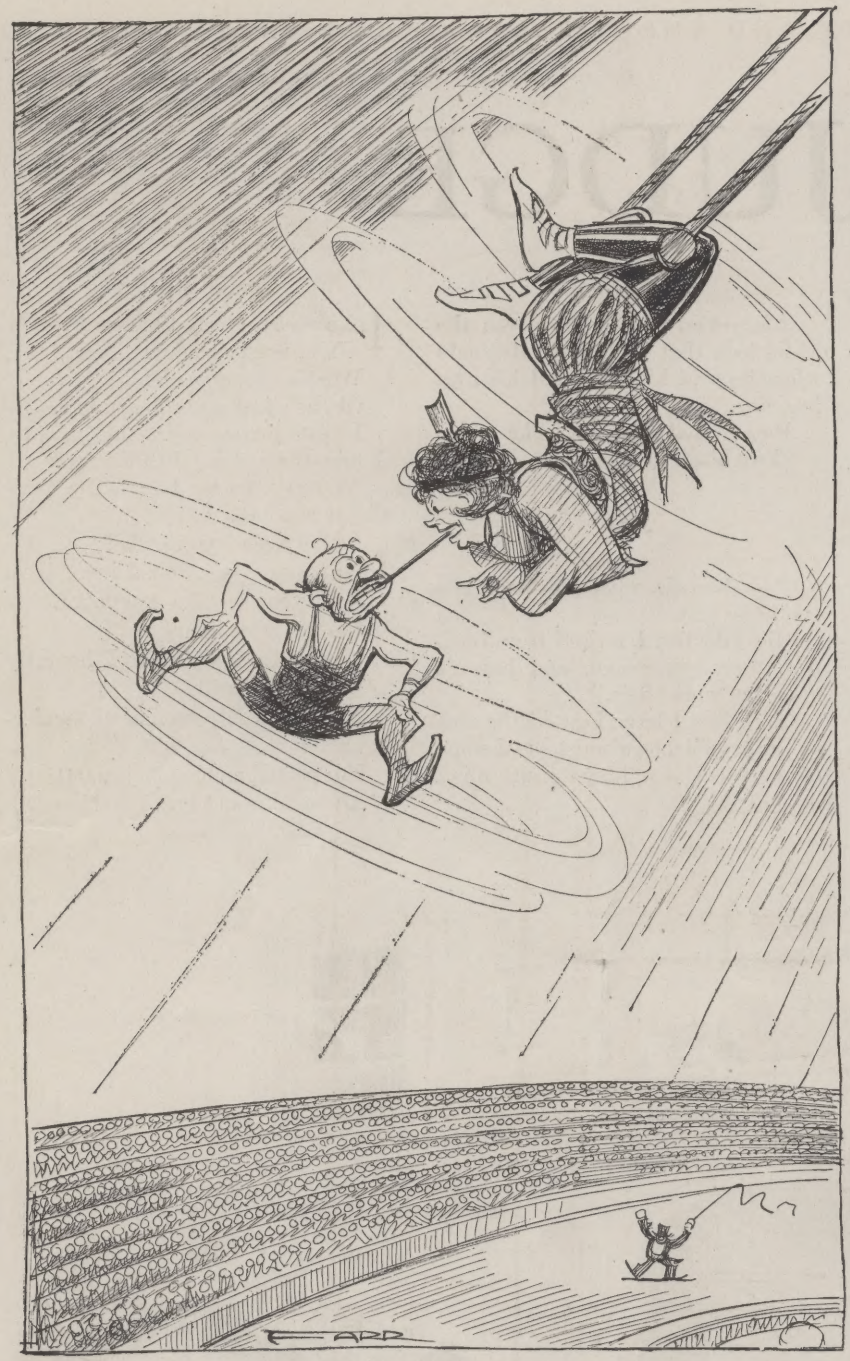
You're the only woman who understands me.

I'm partial to blonds (brunettes).

Madame is *not* in. *Carroll*



If you've enjoyed sitting around the fireplace at night, don't give it up just because it's summer. A few cakes of ice logs, and an electric fan behind them and you won't leave home.



"I'm sorry, Andy—but I've got to sneeze."

Chorus Girl

Pretty eyes,
  Pretty nose,
Pretty mouth,
  Pretty hose.

Pretty teeth,
  Pretty hair,
Pretty form,
  Pretty bare.

It's Flat in Tennessee

Judge—What is the charge?

Officer (collaring a youth)—I heard him tell a young lady that it was love that made the world go round.

⁂

A woman very seldom notices any deterioration in her husband's clothes, but she very quickly discovers any change in his trousers.

EPILAUGHS

Near this green spot was drowned
Miss Pettitt,
When thrown a Life Saver she et it.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

If

(*With All Due Apologies*)

If you can sell polar bears parlor-bear rugs,
  If you can sell grease to an eel,
If you can sell Bibles to gangsters and thugs,
  Or sealing-wax to a seal,

If you can sell octogenarian's glands
  To simians at a good price,
If you can organize huge selling bands
  To peddle the Eskimos ice.

If you can repeat every sale that you've won,
  If you have the figure and looks,
Why you are a genius, and what's more, my son,
  You ought to go try and sell books.

Leonard Bronner, Jr.

⁂

It is surprising that with all our efficiency experts none has thought of locating a telephone near the bathtub.

Fellow who bought a house-boat, to take a good rest, annoyed by two cat-fish.

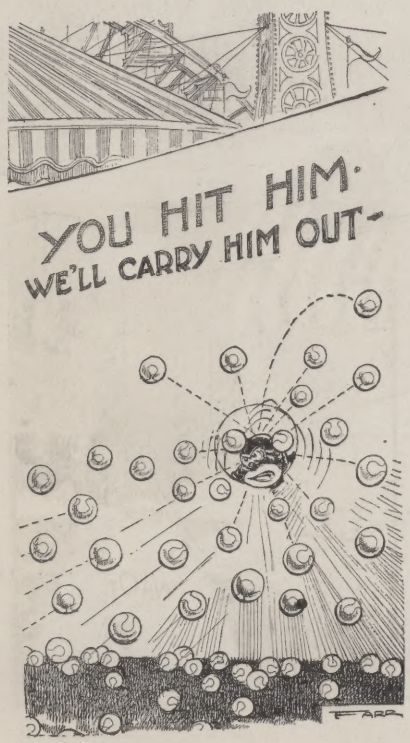
EPILAUGHS

He was killed. Let him lie,
Wise-cracking McMann,
For his constant reply
Was, "So's your old man."

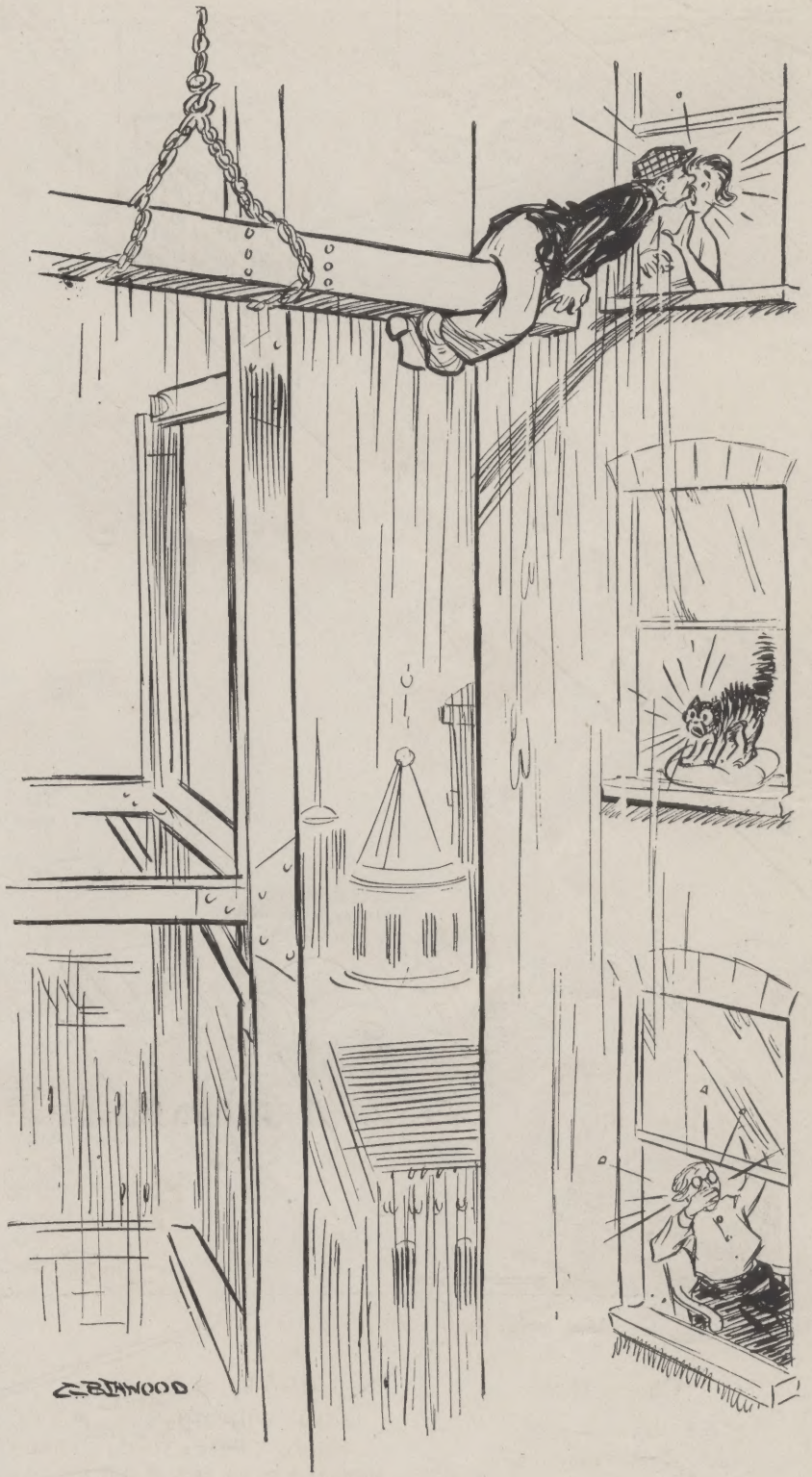
Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Cheer Up, Mr. Reformer, We Still Have These

DRIED fish.
Empty lives.
Limbs hidden by foliage.
Unadulterated nerve.
Unexposed films.
Stainless steel.
Covering a subject.
Long faces.
Veiled insinuations.
Shrouded in mystery.
Dressed chickens.
Wrapped in thought.
Straight lines, square meals, upright pianos, pure milk, honest mistakes.
Covered wagons.
Refined oil.
Delicate-essen.
Ivory soap.



"M'm—ah ain't got no head for this business."



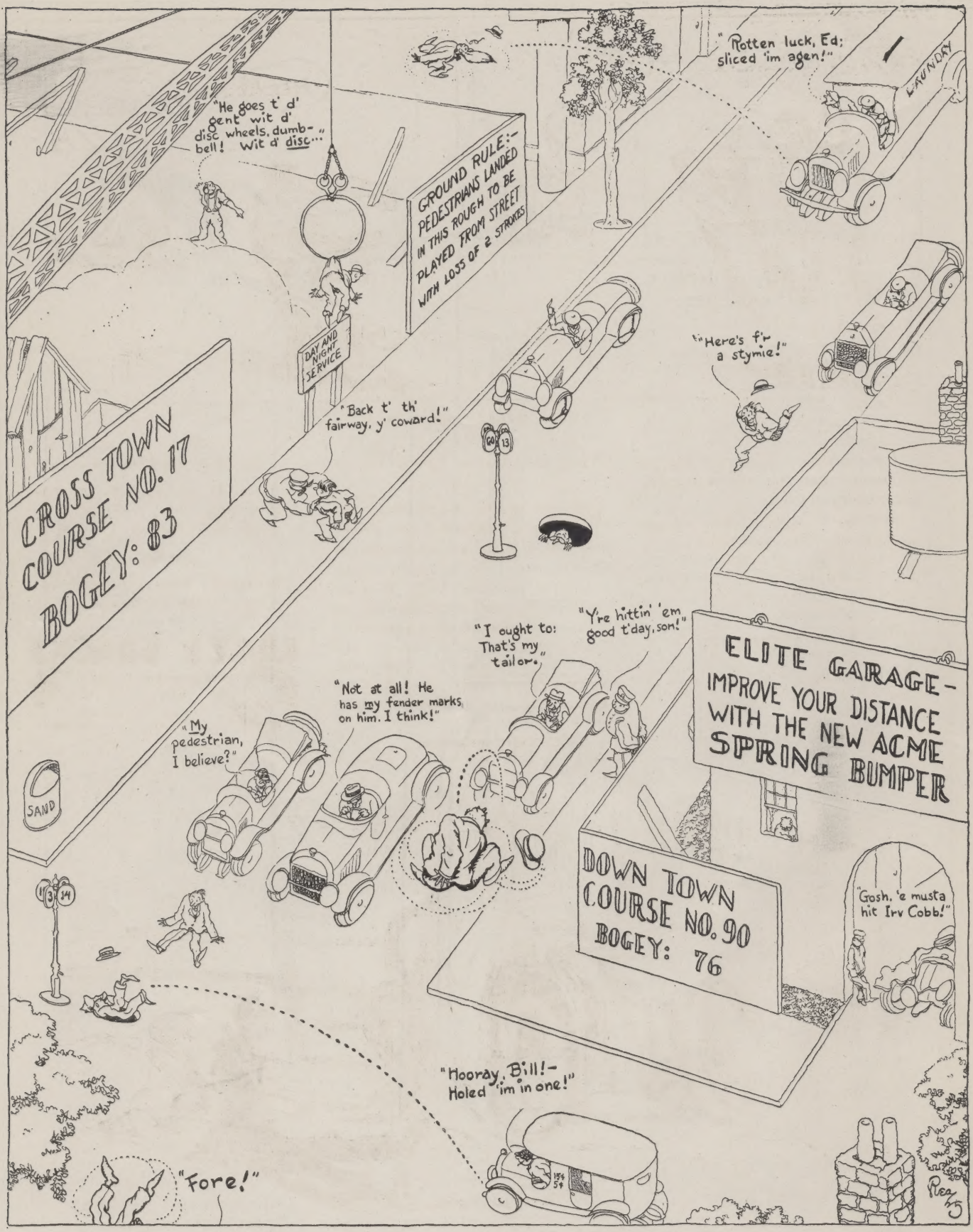
The Opportunist.

Eureka!

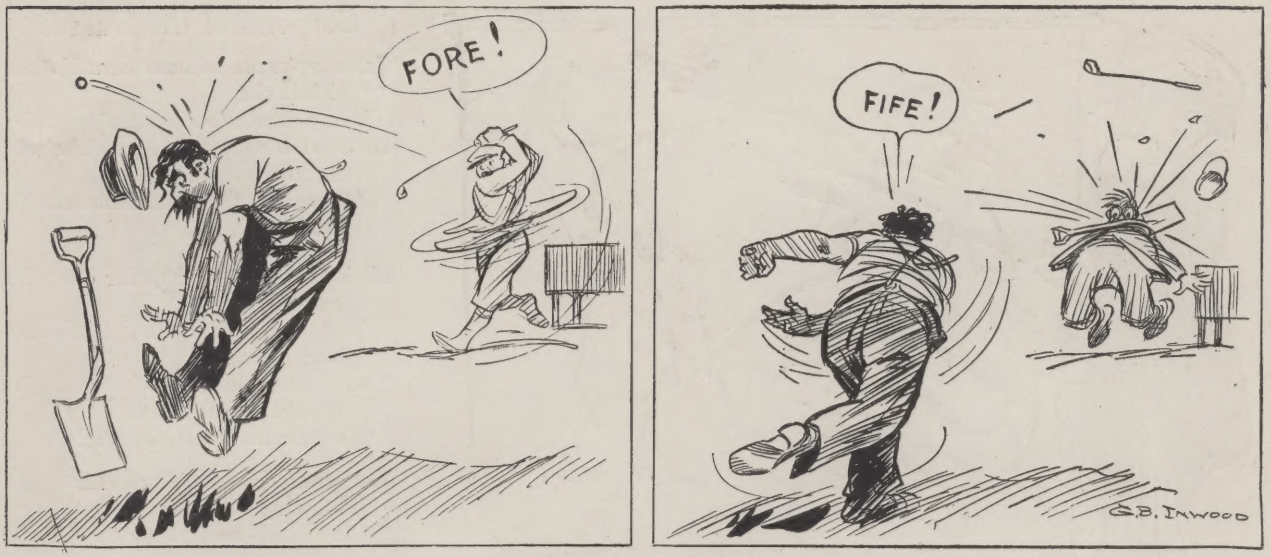
A man I like
Is Hocus-pocus—
His camera's nev-
Er out of focus.

Smack!

"Give me a kiss!" he coaxed.
She hesitated a moment—
And then—*smack!*
Take it either way.


"He goes t' d' gent wit d' disc wheels, dumb-bell! Wit d' disc..."
GROUND RULE:- PEDESTRIANS LANDED IN THIS ROUGH TO BE PLAYED FROM STREET WITH LOSS OF 2 STROKES
"Rotten luck, Ed; sliced 'im agen!"
LAUNDRY
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
"Back t' th' fairway, y' coward!"
"Here's f'r a stymie!"
CROSS TOWN COURSE NO. 17 BOGEY: 83
"I ought to: That's my tailor."
"Y're hittin' 'em good t'day, son!"
"Not at all! He has my fender marks on him. I think!"
"My pedestrian, I believe?"
ELITE GARAGE- IMPROVE YOUR DISTANCE WITH THE NEW ACME SPRING BUMPER
SAND
DOWN TOWN COURSE NO. 90 BOGEY: 76
"Gosh, 'e musta hit Irv Cobb!"
"Hooray, Bill!- Holed 'im in one!"
"Fore!"

WHY NOT PEDESTRIAN GOLF?



Tony went to night school.

Fortune Teller—You are going on a journey and you will meet with good fortune.

Motorist (eagerly)—You mean, when I drive downtown to-morrow, I will find a place to park?

Funnybones

The road to hell has some wonderful parking places.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

What the Alarm Clock Means to Me

I LOVE to hear the alarm clock ring.

I can't understand the people who curse it as an interrupter of sweet repose. To me it seems the symbol of existence itself. It is the sign that the great city has awakened from its slumber, that a new day is beginning, that the streets and buildings will soon be filled with surging, progressing life. Faithful servant! I love to hear the alarm clock ring.

I am a night watchman.

Modern Finance

Bobbs—If you had $1,000 what kind of a car would you buy?

Sholtz—A $2,000 one.

***

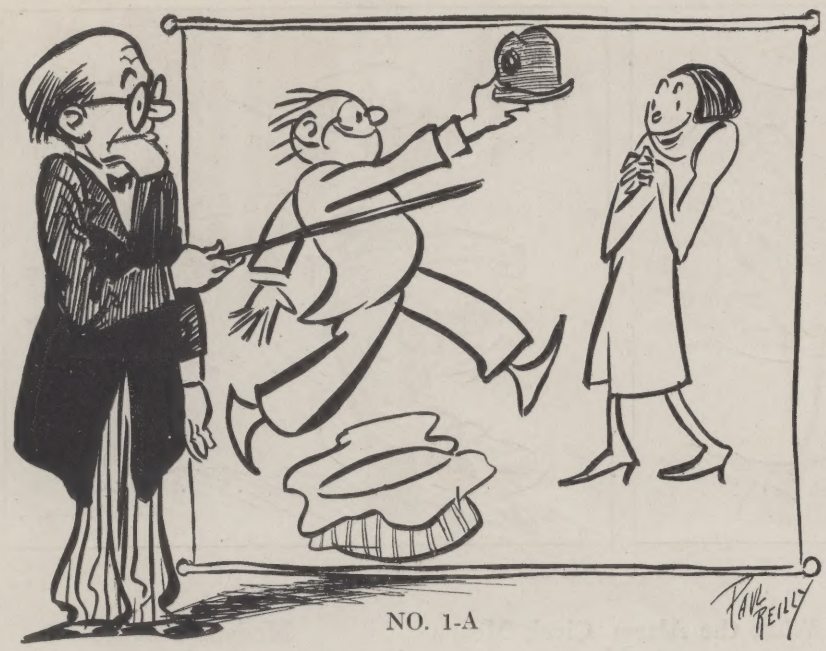
Breakfast, dinner, supper—married life's eternal tri-wrangle.

KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Beefy"

"Next to my skin I like beefy D.'s best."

INVENTOR—*My word, Mary! That's an idea! A folding car for parking!*



NO. 1-A

(Suburban Section) "*The Lost Hat.*" *(Never fails!)*

HANDBOOK FOR HUSBANDS

Containing

1,001 Excuses for Staying Out Nights

by Prof. Abeliar Glibtongue, A.B., C.D.

THE success of an "excuse" depends entirely on the speed with which it is delivered. Therefore I have divided this volume into sections for ready access. All the excuses in this Handbook have been tested out, but in case any of them fail, turn immediately to the "Emergency Section." If this also fails look around for your nearest exit.

SUBURBAN SECTION

The Lost Hat—(This excuse entails an initial expenditure of five or ten dollars for a new hat, but it never fails!)—On the way to the station saw a hat in a window that was just made for you. Bought it and then left it on train. Hired taxi to chase train—missed train at ——— station. Waited for train to come back—looked on train but it wasn't there. Train started before I could get off. Came back to town—went to lost and found department and here's the hat! (Note—This excuse can be worked several times with different gifts, starting with something cheap, like a hat, and working up to a grand piano.)

The Crowded Ferry—Such a crowd on the 5.10 ferry that it started back before I could get off. Repeat on the 5.20. Then found I was on the wrong ferry. Swam home.

(Continued Next Week)

Corporal of the Guard!

IN FAST-FADING khaki Grandfather Mullarkey
Was dressed for his outfit's parade;
His medals were shining and he was reclining
At ease in the couch hammock's shade.

He looked pretty nifty for one who had fifty
Years since charged the Hindenburg line;
You'd want him to kiss you, for though it was "issue"
His uniform fitted him fine!

His grandchildren eyed him and lined up beside him
(As all well-bred youngsters should do).
"Pray tell us a story," they begged, "of the gori-
Est battle you've ever been through!"

The hero's eyes glistened, in mood reminiscent,
And clearing his throat he began:
"When Alec McCurdy made hole nine in 'birdie'—"
But the kids knew their rout step and ran! —*Roswell J. Powers*

KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Infectious"

"My girl's sure dumb, infectious a half-wit."

JONES—*I say, what about those sea views you advertised?*
LANDLADY (proudly)—*'Ere they are, sir. They was wedding presents!*

Unpublished Testimonials

Bingham's Beans for Brown Babies

For less than seventy years I suffered from pernicious dandruff in the tropical zone after every meal and before retiring. None of the old-fashioned remedies gave relief though I tried Black and White, Swanee River, mashed potatoes, bathing caps, wet blankets, old razor blades and horseback riding.

Imagine my surprise on coming down to breakfast one morning to find we had a baby girl. He was disqualified at the ten-yard line on a long fly to the third chuckker and we all enjoy Bingham's Beans for Brown Babies. Hoping you are the same, etc.

P.S.—I still have dandruff, but not so bad.

P.P.S.—Worse.

Osullivans Non-flammable Silver Polish

I take great pleasure in reporting to your research department a new use for your absolutely non-burning polish, as I used it all last winter to start my furnace with when all other combustibles had failed.

I think this is a unique method of using your product—goodness knows it's the only one I have discovered to date.

Own a Home in Northern New Zealand

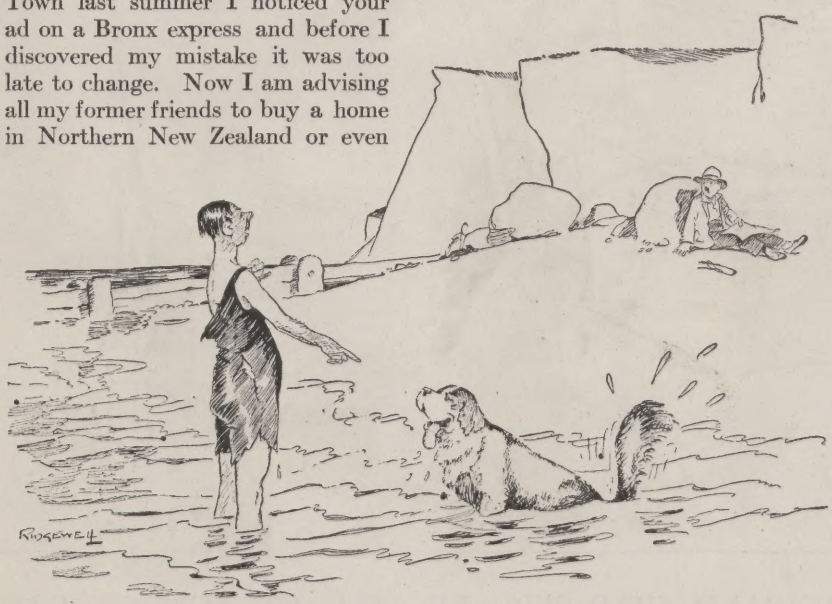
On a hiking trip through the upper left metacarpal region of Cape Town last summer I noticed your ad on a Bronx express and before I discovered my mistake it was too late to change. Now I am advising all my former friends to buy a home in Northern New Zealand or even further. I never before realized the truth of that poem by Excelsior about misery and company until we bought this kennel from you.

Oh, Mr. Real Estate, it's just glorious out here in God's open country. It's so open we can see for miles across the swamp in any direction and I haven't spotted another human being in three weeks. The house you built for us is just dandy. Never had better ventilation, especially since our upstairs bedroom fell through into the kitchen a few weeks ago.

Richard S. Wallace

SPREAD OF THE POSTAL APPLAUSE HABIT

MAID—*Here's a telegram from the gentleman across th' court, mum, an' he says th' program's comin' in fine!*



PEEVED BATHER—*I wish you'd call your dog in, sir! It's most annoying. Every t'me I try to sw'm, the idiotic animal wants to rescue me!*

The Business Outlook

(With Apologies to Babson, Brookmire, Harvard Bureau for Business Research, et al.)

The outlook in the widget industry for the next six months is bright, provided unfavorable factors do not appear. Conditions at the present moment are fundamentally sound, although the business barometer shows a slight undertone of unsoundness here and there.

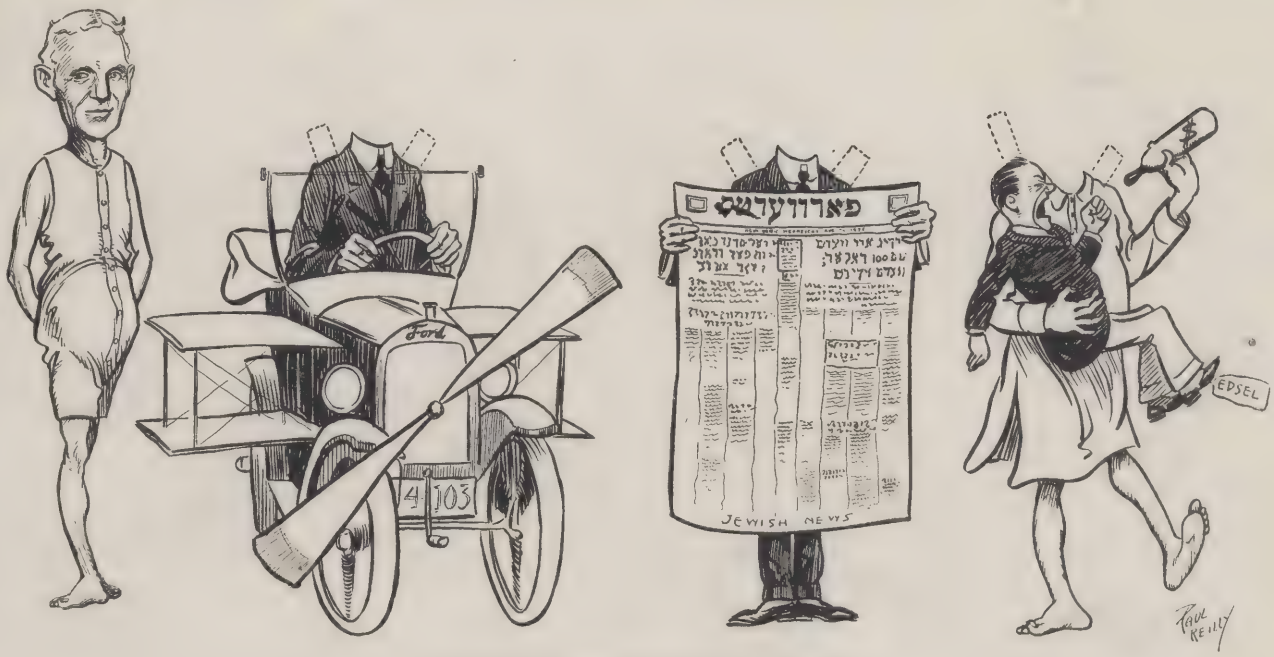
The prevalence of draughts in Kankakee, Ia., makes it seem likely that sales to the Orient will taper off slightly during the next few weeks. This factor is offset to some extent, however, by the unexpected stimulation of carpet tack sales in New England, making it not altogether impossible that the curve of 14,523 basic commodities will reach bottom within the next decade if not more so.

Thus it appears that the time is ripe for reducing stocks, except in those cases where increases seem advisable in view of unusual conditions or subnormal tendencies in the low ranges of the Andes Mountains. This is not entirely certain, of course.

In view of the spotty situation, influenced by the fullness of the moon and the general inebriation among widget executives, we would advise our clients to buy in when prices are low and sell when they are high, unless, of course, there isn't any Santa Claus. In this latter case, why not?

Norman G. Shidle

"I'M GOIN' TO HAVE ME HUSBAND SHADOWED BECAUSE WE AIN'T FIGHTIN' LIKE WHEN WE WAS FIRST MARRIED!"



CUT-OUTS FOR THE KIDDERS

This, little boys and girls, is H---y F--d of Detroit. See how funny he looks.

They Were Right

THE ancients thought the world was flat;
They had a funny notion
About the sun, the moon and stars
That dipped into the ocean.

They had no home-run heroes,
They had no girlie shows,
No income tax, no autos,
No jazz and radios.

They had no moving pictures,
No gilded cabarets;
No painted, wise young flappers,
Also no Great White Ways.

The while I sit and ponder,
I can't hold back a grin;
The ancients thought the world was flat—
O Lord! It must have been.

***

A bit of fiction from a new writer recently brought $10 a word. It was a love note from a married millionaire to a Follies girl.

Funnybones

A man may have an open countenance but his wife soon shuts him up.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

EPILAUGHS

Here lies the weather man,
William H. Hill;
Says he'll meet us in heaven;
Ah, the same old Bill.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Paradise Lost

It was one of those perfect summer evenings; moon casting a pale radiance upon the gently undulating water; rustle of branches and scent of pine boughs in the air; charming girl, suggestive of the fondest dreams of Coty, Houbigant, Gabilla, Fioret and Guerlain, then some d—— fool started to play a ukulele.

Carroll

INSTRUCTOR—*You dive extraordinarily well. I suppose you practice a great deal?*

THIN YOUTH—*Well, I have to get my lunch every day at a counter in the city.*

WHERE THEY PITCHED THEIR TENT

CANOEIST—*Gosh! Fifty per cent. of those people on shore would be scared to death of this surf!*
PASSENGER—*That's nothin'—fifty per cent. of* us *are scared.*

KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Demur and Debater"

"Demur I think of her—debater I like her."

Her Forte

Blinks—What did you name the baby?

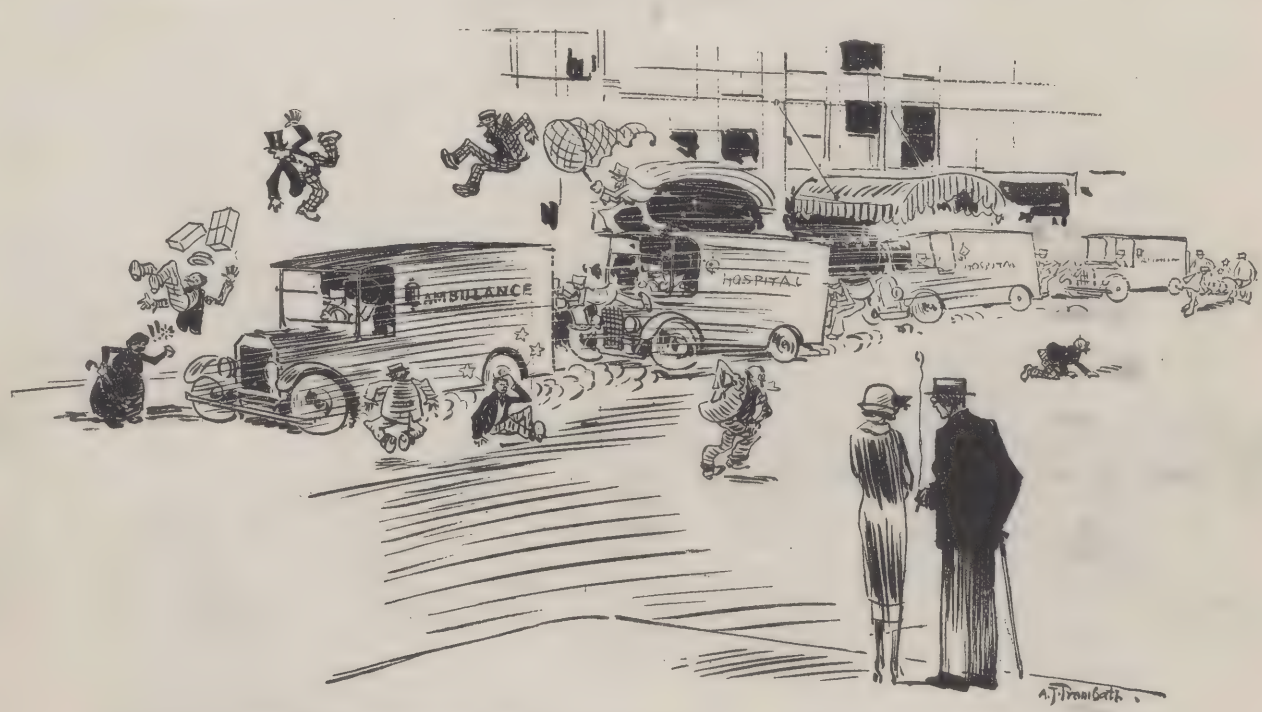
Blanks—Bill—for his mother!

No man quite appreciates the comforts of his home until the evening his wife wishes to be taken out.

Funnybones

Family jars will not preserve peace.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed



"What's the string of ambulances for?"
"The first one is responding to an accident call and the others come along to pick up casualties."

Betty goes Abroad
in Paris

Betty wants to bet on that horse with the lovely blanket.
Betty always thought a "coach" was an automobile.
The horse she bet on hasn't even come in yet.
Grand Prix at Longchamps.
ROBERT DAWSON
AUTEUIL AND LONGCHAMPS

The Outline of News

Extra!

FIFTY persons are reported to have been burned to death this morning in a fire which destroyed a densely populated tenement in the East Side ghetto district. The holocaust beggars description. The flames are said to be spreading rapidly and it is feared that whole blocks will be wiped out in the conflagration.

Noon Edition

A score of persons are believed to have perished this morning when their home—a tenement in the ghetto district—was destroyed by fire. One of the victims is declared to have been a woman prominent in society. Firemen are fighting desperately to prevent the blaze from spreading to adjoining structures.

Afternoon Edition

Three persons met a horrible death this morning when fire attacked an East Side tenement. The identity of the victims has not been established. The fire was confined to the top floor.

Final Edition

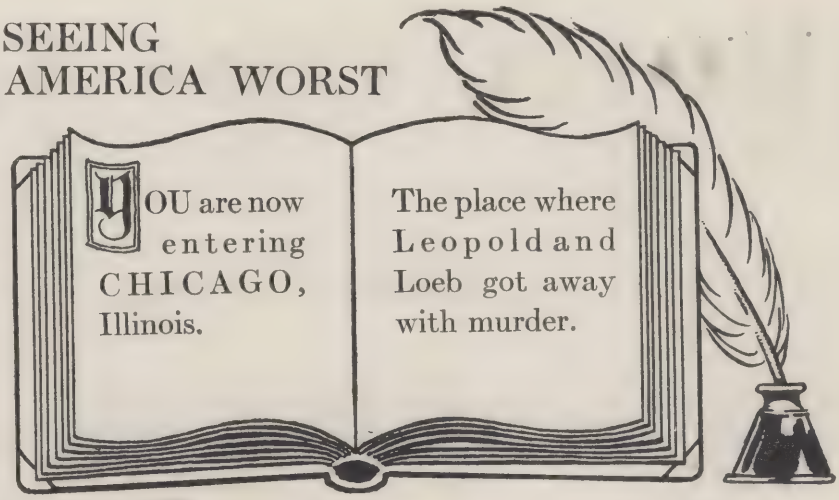
Flames attacked a tenement structure on the lower East Side this morning, starting in the basement. It is rumored that the janitor was suffocated by the smoke.

Last Final Edition

Members of Engine Company No. 13 responded to a false alarm in the ghetto district this morning.

Robert Hage

SEEING AMERICA WORST



"Oyez, oyez! I just saw our next door neighbor desc nding a ladder from her second-story window!"

"Depend on't, there musta been a man at the bottom of it."

Now on the Market

THE Slippery Purse. Made from the slipperiest leather obtainable. When you take it out of your pocket it slips out of your hand like a cake of wet soap, and while you are bending over to pick it up the other fellow pays the fare. Saves its price in a short space of time.

The Fountain Pen Vest. All pockets lined with blotting-paper.

The Self-emptying Ash Tray. This is a top-heavy affair which you place on the edge of your writing table. When you flip ashes into it it loses its balance and falls to the floor, emptying the ashes during the process. You pick up the tray, but leave the ashes on the floor. They can be swept up any time.

Handyman Soldering Outfit. For mending the keys that come with sardine cans. These keys invariably break when the can is about one-third open.

The Staytogether Cuff Link. Only one to a customer.

R. C. O'Brien

***

Troy Weight

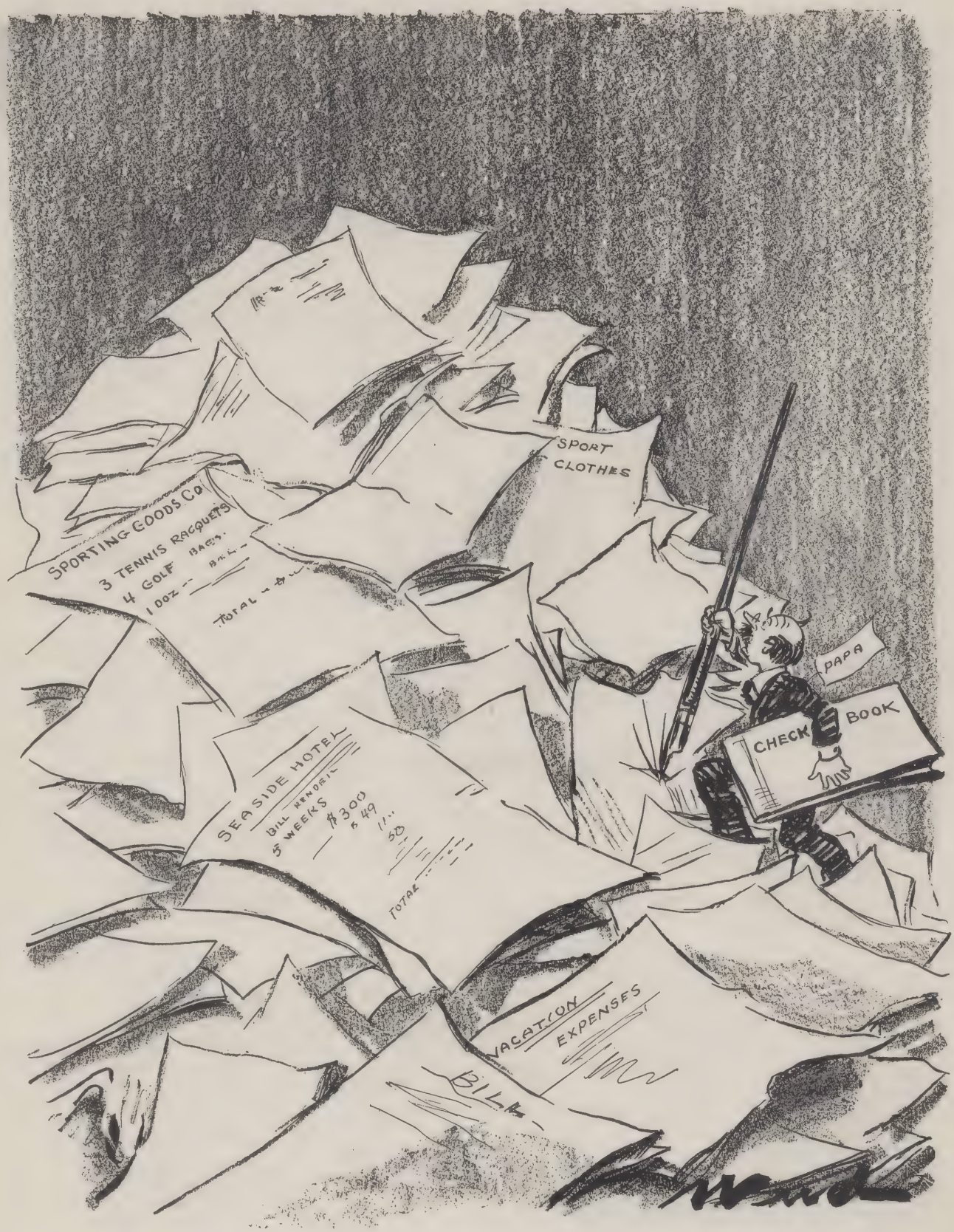
1 collar—2 cuffs.
2 cuffs—a shirt
1 shirt—24 pins.

FIRST KID—*That's my father passing the plate.*
VISITOR—*What a funny way to make a living.*

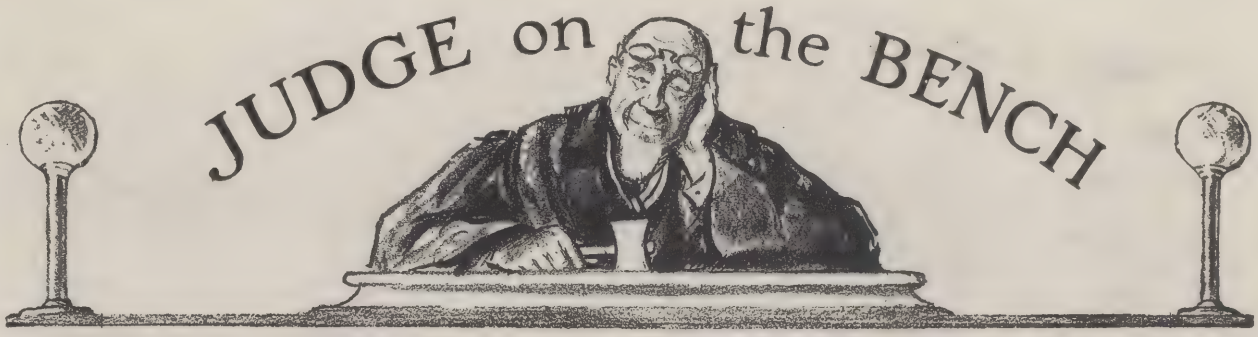
EPILAUGHS

Snoozing under this stone
Lies Dennis McCarty
They "rocked" him to sleep
At a bricklayer's party.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed



OVER THE BILLS TO THE POORHOUSE



Editor, Norman Anthony. *Associate Editors*, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. *Dramatic Editor*, George Jean Nathan.

A Peace That Does Not Pass Understanding

THE New York *Evening World* is at a loss to explain the extraordinary popularity that it admits belongs to Calvin Coolidge. This popularity, it says, is "not because of a masterful leadership," "not because of constructive statesmanship," "not because of an appealing personality," "not because he has fought the battle for the many," "not because he has manifested a righteous wrath over corruption in high places." It adds: "Here is a problem for the mass psychologist."

No one, so far, has applied that epithet to us, and yet we have a suggestion that may help to solve the mystery.

Compare Calvin's style with Bryan's. Bryan's popularity rested on most if not all of the things that the *Evening World* finds so lacking in Coolidge's. But as the London *Morning Post* observed on the occasion of Bryan's death, "Bryan's silver speech could not match the golden silence of such a man as Coolidge. It is characteristic of American psychology that sensibility to the charm of Bryan's oratory was combined with criticism and dissatisfaction."

We mean no disrespect to the Great Commoner's memory in suggesting that the secret of Coolidge's popularity may be found in his utter contrast to the Bryan type. The American people as a whole, whether they know it or not, are tired of reformers, tired of crusaders, tired of saviors. They see Calvin going doggedly, conscientiously, silently about his job, talking in his rare moments of utterance only a quaint brand of common sense, and content merely to be himself. And a great peace comes over them, and they say, Amen!

Sunshine, or Hot Air?

MANY years ago George Kennan made a study of suicide statistics. He found that normally December and January showed the lowest suicide rate of the year, and June the highest. He explained it in this fashion: The great majority of suicides take place as the result of mental depression that has been a long time developing, and during the short, gray, cheerless days of winter this depression is the easiest to bear, being in obvious harmony with one's environment. In summer, however, and particularly in June ("What is so rare," etc.), the contrast between the outer heaven and the inner hell becomes acute, with the result indicated.

Very recently, Frederick L. Hoffman, of the Prudential Life Insurance Co., published in the *Spectator*, an insurance paper, the suicide rate of the country by cities. It seems that the highest rate listed, that of 45.2 per 100,000, belongs to San Diego, Cal., and the lowest, 4.6, to Bayonne, N. J. From what we know of these two cities this would seem to bear out Mr. Kennan's thesis.

But there may be another explanation. San Diego is not the only Californian city with a high suicide rate. San Francisco runs it a close second with one of 37.8, Los Angeles third with 32.8 and Oakland fourth with 29.9. Perhaps it is not the climate so much as the constant hearing about it that makes life hard to bear out there.

Hallelujah!

MAY we call attention to figures made public by the Department of Commerce in Washington showing that England is closing her prisons because of a decrease in crime? Poor England, with her enormous unemployment problem, her high taxes and her licensed "pubs," especially the latter!

"More than twenty prisons in England and Wales," according to the report, "practically a third of the total, have been closed since 1914. There are now only forty prisons in use in the country and these are by no means fully occupied."

Contrast with this wretched showing the popularity and prosperity of our own prison system. In the three Federal prisons—Atlanta, Leavenworth, McNeil Island—there are now roughly three times as many prisoners as in 1913. In the country as a whole it is estimated that between 1916 and 1923 our prison population increased by 2,007,247.

Hurrah for prohibition! Hurrah for all the other laws that stuff our statute books and feed our jails! God bless our pious legislators!

The Sword That Slays

WHILE the Georgia House of Representatives was considering its General Appropriations Bill the other day one of the members proposed an amendment cutting off teachers and schools that taught evolution. Surprisingly enough this was voted down with a roar of "noes" that completely drowned the "ayes." Chairman Barrett of the Appropriations Committee sounded the keynote of the opposition when he called the proposal "silly." "Write it in if you want," he said, "but you will be making yourselves ridiculous if you do."

Thus we see that ridicule rises above constitutional argument and scientific logic as the most effective weapon in the evolution controversy. Thanks for the ad, Mr. Chairman.

W. M. H.

THE FIRST GUN

By George Jean Nathan

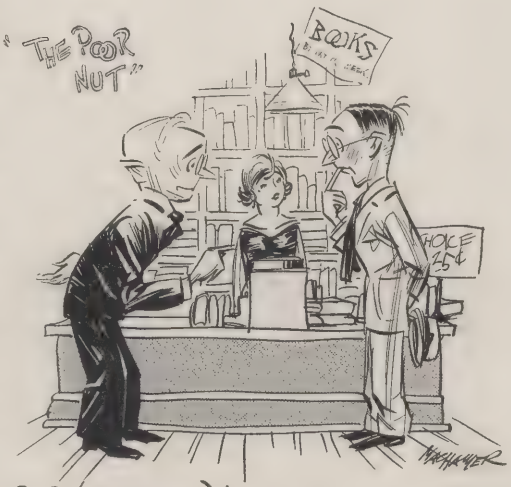
I

IF THE manager of the Giants were to schedule a baseball game and officially open the season in the third week of December, one would be forgiven for hinting that the fellow was not entirely intact in the region north of his horn spectacles. But when a theatrical manager blandly schedules a play and officially opens the season in the third week of July, anyone who would so much as suggest that he was *non compos* would immediately have a $100,000 libel suit on his hands.

Just how any good business man—of which there are rumored to be one or two among our fifty or sixty producing managers—persuades himself that the time to begin putting on plays is when July is hottest, when all the more intelligent ushers and stagehands are still at their country places and when the only people in town are the kind who go to the theater only when they get in free, is not easy to deduce. Yet year in and year out we find such presumably good business men doing that very thing. Where one of these men wouldn't think for a moment of buying Mexican oil stocks, Arizona real estate, mortgages on suburban Shakespearian theaters or any other such goldbricks, he apparently doesn't hesitate for an instant to put his money into the worst theatrical month of the year. And when his play subsequently fails to bring stampedes of New Yorkers to the box-office, he lodges the blame upon the reviewers, the actor who tripped over a chair on the opening night and forgot one of his lines, the failure of his press agent to get a picture of the leading woman on the first page of the Sunday *Times* theatrical section, the circumstance that Morris Gest impolitely left after the first act and so prejudiced all the critics against the show, and the too strong competition of the "Follies" and the Winter Garden revue. In short, upon everything but the fact that on hot July nights the average man no more cares to sit in a dramatic theater than the average hoochie-coochie dancer cares to sit on a cake of ice.

In addition to this, the presumably good business man also forgets to lay the blame upon the small matter of the play itself. The plays that are produced in July are customarily a funereal lot, and the one that was selected to open the present season was no exception to the rule. It was called "The Morning After" and was by a Mr. Hollister and a Miss Stephens, both hitherto unknown to the catalogers. For aught I know, the lady and gentleman in point may be possessed of great genius in many directions. They may be sculptors, painters, musicians or gin distillers of

(*Continued on page 30*)



"THOUGH IT TORE ME APART — I PUT A BULLET THROO HIS HEART TRA-LA-LA. MY HUSBAND!!
"THE GORILLA"
"I'D LIKE TO GET HOLD OF ONE OF THESE LADY MURDERERS — THEY USED TO GET TWENTY YEARS IN SING SING — NOW THEY GET FORTY WEEKS IN VAUDEVILLE!!!"

INSURANCE FIEND'S WIFE—*I hope you are keeping up your alimony insurance. I want to feel that, no matter how you are taken off, I would be better fixed* without *you than* with *you.*

INSURED TO THE GILLS

by Don Herold

I DISCOVERED the other day that the premiums I pay out annually for various kinds of plain and fancy insurance total exactly $1,723.42 *more* than my annual income.

I don't know how I live.

I had sat down to figure out in cool gore whether or not I could afford a very charming policy which an agent had just put up to me—a moving insurance policy, a policy which would insure me against ever being foolish enough to move again and which would, in case I ever moved, reimburse me fully for cost of moving and for injury to my furniture and sensibilities.

This was just the next day after I had taken out rain insurance. You see rain is quite depressing and is therefore very harmful to my business (drawing funny pictures and writing hilarious articles for magazines and newspapers). (I am also covered against general depression by a special depression insurance, which pays me liberally for every day I don't feel funny.)

Of course I know I am a little cranky on insurance. I recently estimated that if all the things happen to me against which I am in-

(*Continued on page 32*)

New Arabian Nights

The Queen of Kleptomania

BESIDE a crooked little stream in the far-off kingdom of Kleptomania there once lived a beautiful and talented young lady shoplifter.

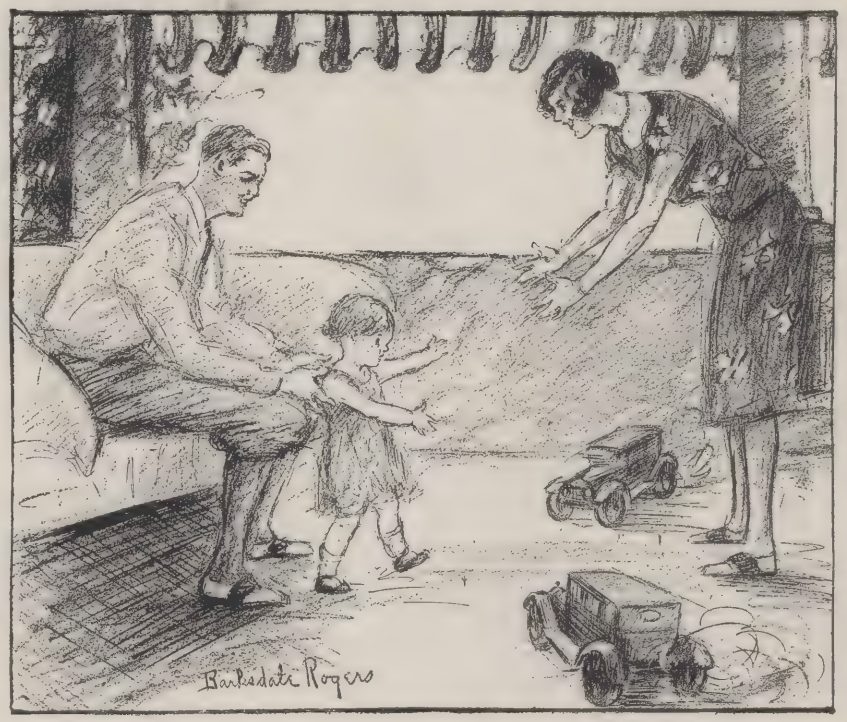
This strange country, inhabited entirely by thieves, was ably ruled by the biggest crook of them all, one King Robin (affectionately known to the natives as Rob, the Kind-hearted).

Now it happened that the king, lonesome among the pickpockets, wiretappers, burglars and bandits that formed his court, sought a bride, and, having heard glowing reports of the prowess of his lovely subject, determined that she would make an ideal queen; one who would be respected by every kleptomaniac.

The girl was brought handcuffed before his lowness, and the marriage indictment was read to her. At first she pleaded "not guilty," but later, upon the advice of counsel, changed her plea and received a life sentence.

Things went well for the couple until the king started to miss certain valuable articles. He knew that it was not nice for a husband to suspect his wife, but what could he do?

Too late he realized that the game can't be beaten. *R. C. O'B.*



When teaching baby to walk, why not be practical?

SHAKE WELL BEFORE VOLSTEAD

The Reel Stuff

By Carroll Carroll

So I Says to Him—

Rugged Waters—Water stuff! With mild thrills and wild waves.

The Street of Forgotten Men—Better than "The Miracle Man."

Under the Rouge—The same old sentimental crook slush.

Lightnin'—Bill Jones is made to live, but the stories are made to drag.

A Slave of Fashion—Norma Shearer is refreshing to the eyes. Otherwise a bore.

Beggar on Horseback—Still sticking up for this. Please use it!

Don Q, Son of Zorro—Née Douglas Fairbanks.

The Paths of Paradise—Raymond Griffith and the funniest chase in years.

Cyrano de Bergerac—Painstaking transposition of Rostand's play.

The Happy Warrior—An interesting story interestingly treated.

The White Desert—Dull doings in the North where snow flakes are avalanches.

Razzzzzzzberries!

THIS must have been Municipal Bert Lytell Week—and *how* weak! The movie palaces were absolutely infested with him—and for no good reason. His "Pisan" physique leaned across the screens of the little Piccadilly and the tremendous Capitol simultaneously, in both cases nearly crashing into the orchestra pit. That sounds, now, as if it needed explaining. What I mean is, I can never see the movies without fearing for the safety of what, for the sake of poetry, we will call his beak. He always appears to be about to indulge in a nose dive. I don't know if this is

(*Continued on page 28*)

SOCIETY NOTE

Playful scene at a bricklayer's nuptials.

GUILTY CONSCIENCE

When that case of Scotch arrives.

Safety First.

"Where are you from?"

"South Dakota."

"My! You don't talk like a Southerner."

—Notre Dame Juggler

Bedtime Story

Little Oscar nestled up in his father's lap. "Papa, tell me a story before I go to bed, will you?"

"Surely, surely, Oscar," replied his kind father. "Now once upon a time there was a little red squirrel—"

"Really red, father? I never saw a red squirrel."

"Yes, Oscar, it was really red. Now this little squirrel had a friend, a red fox. The little squirrel was visiting the fox. It was time to retire—"

"Did they use Fisk tires, pa?"

"No, no, I mean they were going to bed—"

"Oh, were they married, pa?"

"Now, Oscar, keep quiet while I go on with my story, animals do not get married. They decided to take a walk before they went to bed, so they started out through the woods. They had walked about a mile—"

"For a Camel, pa?"

"No, not for a camel, they were taking a walk for exercise."

"Why didn't they clip the coupon from Lionel Strongfort's ad and they wouldn't have to walk?"

"This was a long time ago now, Oscar, before there was any Lionel Strongfort. This was even before I was born."

"Where were you born, pa?"

"Now, now, now, if you want to hear the story you must not ask foolish questions. As they were walking along talking, they heard a noise, it sounded like some one shouting—"

"Did they say, 'Don't shout, I can hear you,' pa?"

"No, they didn't, they listened cautiously."

"Pa, how do you listen cautiously?"

"They were listening to the noise and a little fairy appeared—"

"The Fairy Soap fairy, pa?"

"No, not the Fairy Soap fairy. It was a real fairy. The fairy whispered in the little red squirrel's ear—"

"Oh, did the little red squirrel have halitosis, pa?"

English Chappie—*I say, old thing, could you direct me to a bootery?*

Old Thing—*Sorry, buddy, I'm on the wagon.*

—Williams Purple Cow

"For vy you marry Abie's widow? She's old enough to be your mother vunce."

"I know, but Abie's clothes fit me like a glove." —Brown Jug

LEADERS

"No, no, it didn't have halitosis, it had something to tell the little red squirrel."

"I guess it was something about some silly princess or some of that rot. Don't you think fairy stories are all the bunk, pa? Now, man to man. Let's discuss Dr. Jung, Freud or some of those boys."

"Oscar, you go to bed this minute, before I give you a good spanking."

"Good-night, pa."

—West Virginia Moonshine

Three Stages

During courtship: He talked—she listened.

Just married: She talked—he listened.

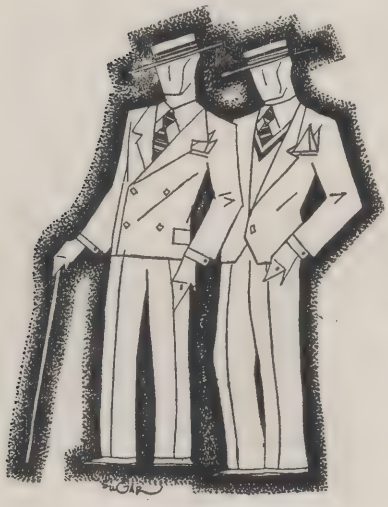
Now: They both talk—the neighbors listen. *—Penn Punch Bowl*

***

"Why does a Scotchman have a sense of humor?"

"Because it's a gift."

—Lehigh Burr



"Make no bones, Oleander, what is 'better half'?"

"Verily, Mascara, 'tis but a figure of speech."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

"So you remember way back to the Revolution, do you?"

"Yassa. De Revolution and Gin'l Washington an' all them."

"Perhaps you were a witness of the fall of Rome?"

"Nossa, Ah didn't exackly see it, but Ah recollect hearin' somethin' drop!" *—West Point Pointer*

—Cornell Widow

***

"D'ja hear about Smith getting kicked out of school for cheating on the astronomy exam?"

"No. Was he?"

"Yuh. He got the fellow in back of him to hit him on the head."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader

***

Hang—What makes you drink so much water this morning?

Over—I ate some sponge cake last night. *—California Pelican*

***

Dumb—Give me a kiss.

Belle—I'm not a philanthropist.

"No, but lots of nice girls kiss."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader

"I had a good time last night at Helen's party."

"Did you? Who all were there?"

"Me and Helen."

—Ohio State Sun Dial

***

He—*What became of your millionaire friend?*

She—*Oh, the wild waves got him.*

"Whose?" —Texas Ranger

***

An ambidextrous person is one who can trim the nails on his right hand. *—Stanford Chaparral*

***

"What's your roommate like?"

"Damn near everything I've got."

—Columbia Jester

***

"No, I told you I don't care for any coffee. That was the cause of my father's death."

"Coffee killing anyone, how come?"

"Five hundred pounds fell on his head." *—Colgate Banter*

***

Doctor—Your throat is in bad shape. Have you ever tried gargling with salt and water?

"I should say. I've been shipwrecked twice." *—Pitt Panther*

***

Henry Ford is now making aeroplanes.

Why doesn't Burbank put wings on an oyster and call it a butterfly?

—Stevens Stone Mill

***

The motor car has two justifications for existence—one is that it affords a convenient method of transportation.

—Colby White Mule

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days

T. S. Sullivant in Judge, 1899. EVIDENTLY INTOXICATED

CASEY—*So the boss fired Cassidy for being drunk? And how did he know he was drunk?*
COSTIGAN—*Whoy, th' dom fool wint and fell six shtories widout hurting himself.*

An Object Lesson

Mr. Jones—I'm going to bring young Yabsley home to-night.

Mrs. Jones—Why, we haven't a thing to eat in the house, the cook is intoxicated, baby has the colic and mother is coming!

"Yes, that's why I'm going to bring him home! The young fool is thinking of getting married."

—*Judge, 1901*

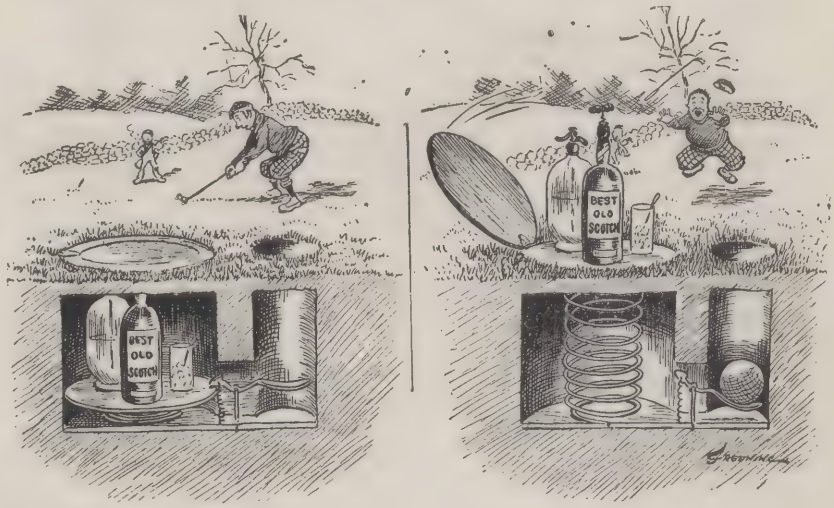
Accounted For

Teacher (severely)—Thomas, this map is ruled crooked, very crooked, indeed!

Thomas—I know it, mum. It's a map of New York City, mum!

—*Judge, 1901*

It often seems that a woman's second husband is the most sincere mourner of her first. —*Judge, 1900*



H. C. Greening in Judge, 1900

HOLE YOUR BALL AND GET ONE!

JUDGE'S *patent quick thirst-quencher will save walking back to the clubhouse and encourage good playing. Send for catalog.*

JUDGE REMARKS

A negro baseball team in Illinois has challenged the Ku Klux Klan team of that region to a ball game.

God help the umpire!

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE—"General Andrews Off to Dam Rum Flow at Canadian Border."

And add another to the chain of Great Lakes.

Prof. O. E. Baker, of Clark University—"The dairy cow is the agricultural achievement of the century."

So is her old man!

Count Antonio Cippico, Italian Fascist Senator—"Mussolini is no firebrand."

We don't think so much of him, either.

Dr. and Mrs. Piper, African Missionaries—"In Masumbaland we tried to teach the women they should wear something more than beads, palm oil and sunshine. But here we are shocked to discover that the girls and women wear only paint, powder and suggestion."

Cheer up! They may soon cut out the suggestion.

Democratic leaders in New York City would like to eliminate Mayor Hylan by making him a justice of the supreme court.

Ah! Justice tempered with mercy!

Newspaper Headline—"Quake Felt in Switzerland."

'Alp, 'alp!

Indignant bailiff trying to preserve order at Scopes Trial—"Keep quiet, you out there; they ain't no monkeys up here and this ain't no circus."

Methinks the gentleman did protest too much.

Leopold Schepp—"I wish to make philanthropy a study and will be glad to entertain any suggestions that can be made on the subject."

How about presenting everybody with a subscription to JUDGE?

SHE (who has got him where she wanted)—*I always feel there's just a sad loneliness about the country.*

WEALTHY BOOB—*Well, I am sorry. I might easily have brought along a pack of cards.*

Investment Bureau

Subscribers to JUDGE *are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor,* JUDGE, *627 West 43d St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.*

A New-fashioned Market

by Theodore Williams

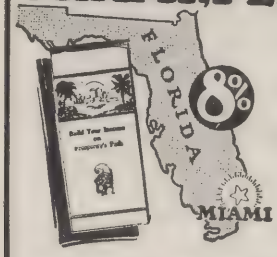
WITH a list of securities steadily mounting, and numbering already more than 900, it is growing harder to form a forecast of the stock market as a whole. In an active day not less than 500 issues may be traded in. Many, if not most, of these may be influenced by circumstances that do not apply to the list generally. Stocks are tending more and more to "class consciousness." They move up or down by groups instead of en masse, and sometimes there are "wheels within wheels," which cause conflicting variations in a single group. It is necessary now for the market observer to take a more complex view than formerly, when the list to be watched was comparatively small and the units more readily affected each other. He must try to account for the fact that extreme activity and bullishness may exist in one distinct section of the market, while bearishness and stagnation prevail elsewhere.

Each group of issues gets its day of attention, and then is switched aside and another pushes into the limelight. The question to-day is not so much "How's the market going?" but "What part of the market is going?" Because of this greatly changed situation the precedents of past years are becoming less significant. History is not exactly repeating itself, and new factors threaten to overturn deductions from old experience.

This state of affairs seriously concerns investors and speculators. It makes their task, too, less simple. They cannot place so much reliance on a general trend, upward or downward. It is needful for them to study securities specifically in order to discover their actual worth, as based on earnings and outlook. The only safe choices are issues of real merit. The new bent of the market indicates that these are becoming more independent of day-to-day technical conditions.

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *on 8% investments in*

MIAMI, FLA



Get this high interest rate safely through our First Mortgage Bonds on select, income-producing properties in Miami, fastest-growing city in the U. S., where money earns big wages. Interest paid two weeks in advance, no expense, no worry. Denominations $100 up. Remember—8% compounded will double your money in nine years. Don't put it off—write today for booklet of valuable information.

☐ **Check here if you want details of our Partial Payment Plan—you get 8% from the first day.**

SOUTHERN BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY

Room 508, Ralston Bldg., Miami, Fla.

Name.....

Address.....

Answers to Inquiries

M., NEW ORLEANS, LA.: The par value of Paige Detroit Motor common stock is $10. The shares are selling at more than twice that figure because of the company's big earnings and favorable prospects. The dividend is $1.20 a year, or 12 per cent. on par. This common stock is a fair business man's investment and a rather attractive speculation. The M. K. T. Railroad Co. reports almost phenomenal prosperity since its reorganization. Earnings thus far in 1925 show a marked increase over the similar period in 1924. The company is at present paying only 5 per cent. on its preferred stock, but it is believed that the full 7 per cent. will soon be declared. After that it should not be long before dividends on the common are begun. The common stock therefore appears to be a promising speculation. The preferred stock is the safer purchase.

S., BRATTLEBORO, VT.: I can find no trace in my sources of information of such a concern as the Island Refining Corporation. If the coupons maturing in 1922 were not cashed by the company there was a default, and the 7 per cent. bonds lost their market standing. Apparently nothing has been paid since that date, which would account for the present low value of the bonds. I know of no market for them.

L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Brokers who are selling so called "bankers shares" of Ford Company of Canada Motor stock are doing so on their own hook and entirely without the company's authority. Several firms of brokers tried this scheme in New York City but were suppressed by the authorities. Some of these fellows have started up in other cities. Their plan is to issue 100 bankers shares (which are merely their own certificates) against a single share of Canadian Ford stock, and to sell the bankers shares at $6 to $10 each. Canadian Ford was lately quoted at $500. The brokers got for 100 bankers shares $600 to $1,000. Their profits on each share of Canadian Ford ran from $100 to $500. This is simply a game of extortion. No first-class corporation would resort to such a plan for raising capital. You were granted no "privilege" when the bankers shares were sold to you. I regret that you did not read the exposure of this sharp practice printed in this department several times lately. You would perform a public duty if you should call the attention of the United States District Attorney in your city to this matter.

J., PAMPANGA, P. I.: First mortgage real estate bonds would appear to be the best investment you could make with your $700. Bonds of this description paying 7 per cent. and 8 per cent. may be had from reliable houses, which make a specialty of the reinvestment plan you favor. Money reinvested at 8 per cent. doubles in about seven years.

H., TOLEDO, O.: The recent advance in Standard Gas & Electric common paying $3 to a price several points above that of the preferred stock paying $4 was undoubtedly due to the signal increase in the company's earnings, which foreshadows a higher dividend on the common. The company is one of the strongest and most progressive of the public utility group. An increase in the common dividend would naturally strengthen the position of the preferred stock.

D., PROVIDENCE, R. I.: The Marland Oil Company's stock lately firmed up on the report that earnings for the first six months of 1925 exceeded the total earnings in 1924. The half year net equals $4.76 a share. The company is paying only $3 per share, so that the surplus for this year promises to warrant an increase in the return.

S., ANNAPOLIS, MD.: The new $75,000,000 Commonwealth of Australia external loan 30-year 5 per cent. gold bonds were quickly subscribed for in New York because of the large resources and high credit of Australia. This is the first time that Australia has sought to borrow money in America. Heretofore her external loans have been floated in London. The bonds are well regarded, though the interest rate is not so high as that of several other foreign bonds. The aunching price was 99½ and accrued interest.

N., LINCOLN, NEB.: Your purchase of eighty shares each of Dodge preferred and common was a good business stroke. Should you now sell your common shares you would not only make a profit of about $700, but would also reduce the net price of the preferred to about its present quotation. In the low 80s Dodge preferred, with its 7 per cent. dividend, makes a handsome return. It looks as if this dividend will be maintained and that the stock after due seasoning may approach near to par. This is the more certain side of the case. If earnings hold up as at present a dividend on the common cannot be far away. For the moderately long pull the common shares are a promising speculation, even though their price may yet sag somewhat. In any case the 7 per cent. on the preferred alone is not so bad a yield on your investment.

H., GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.: The Rickenbacker Motor Company is not so well seasoned as to dividends nor so assured as to earnings that evening up on the shares can be recommended. A high official of the company lately made hopeful predictions, and he may have been right, but the outlook is still a little uncertain. Before buying additional shares it would be prudent to wait a while to see if the "cat jumps" in the right direction.

G., NEW YORK CITY: Collateral Banker's B. bonds have behind them the security of tangible properties on which loans have been made. They are sponsored by Clarence Hodson & Co., a reputable and successful firm which distributed The Beneficial Loan Society's bonds that have paid interest and shares of profit for more than ten years. The first series of Collateral Banker's bonds have been profitable to. holders. The second issue should be equally worth while. The 8 per cent. (first) Mortgage Real Estate bonds offered by companies in Miami, Fla., and advertised in JUDGE, are in my opinion safe.

W., HAZARD, KY.: The Consolidated Textile Corporation's big deficit in 1924 cannot soon be made up unless earnings show a signal increase which does not appear likely this year. The outlook for the stock is so unpromising that I would not just now advise averaging up on your 200 shares. The best way to even up on a weak issue is to buy the shares of a strong dividend payer.

C., LE ROY, N. Y.: Public Service of North Illinois is a prosperous organization and makes good returns on its stocks. The Chicago, North Shore and Milwaukee R. R. Co.'s preferred stock is a fairly good business man's purchase. Households Products Co. and Sterling Products Co. are dividend payers and good buys for a business man. The Douglas Pectin Co. makes favorable reports of its earnings.

A., ROCHESTER, N. Y.: It would be prudent enough to take your profit on the Great Northern bond and to invest in South Western Gas & Electric preferred. The preferred stocks of Midland Utilities Co. and of American Public Utilities appear to be sound issues.

C., Amsterdam, N. Y.: I don't consider any stocks of the Durant Enterprises as investments at all. They are only speculations. If you can dispose of your holdings you had better do so and buy sound dividend payers.

Y., New York City: Late advices show that the Daniel Boone Woolen Mills is not only in receivership, but also in a legal tangle. Details of court action are of little importance, for it is stated that if the assets were sold the proceeds would barely pay the creditors of the company, and leave nothing for the stockholders.

W., Jersey City, N. J.: American Gas & Electric, American Power & Light and United States Rubber bonds are all in the meritorious class. In your list of stocks the following are attractive, with prospects good: Shulte Retail Stores Corporation, 8 per cent. preferred; Dodge Bros., 7 per cent. preferred; Great Northern preferred; Philadelphia Co.; American Tobacco, Northern Pacific and Union Pacific. The remainder of your list is for various reasons less desirable than these. Excellent investments may be found in Southern Pacific, U. S. Steel com., Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. preferred and West Penn., 7 per cent. preferred.

S., San Diego, Cal.: The Rickenbacker Motor Co. has paid only a few dividends. Net earnings per share in 1924 were not very large and the company deferred payment for the first quarter of this year, changing from quarterly to semi-annually. Recent official statements concerning the company have been very good. The company is said to have run way behind on its orders and has been obliged to hire many more men. It is predicted that both 1925 and 1926 will be fine years for the company.

L., Sunbury, Pa.: Martin Parry has just cut its dividend from $4 to $2. At present market price, about $22.50, the stock is a fair business man's purchase. Brunswick-Balke-Collender recently passed its dividend, thus putting itself in the speculative class. Continental Motor, paying 8 per cent., on its present quotation, looks like a better buy than either of the other two. Safer investments than any of the above are 6, 7 or 8 per cent. First Mortgage Real Estate bonds.

N., Gutenberg, N. J.: The affairs of the U. S. Steamship Co. appear to be in a hopeless mess and its stock has no quotable value. The company is in receiver's hands and its suits against the Government for money alleged to be due it on war contracts do not seem to prosper. For definite information you might write to the U. S. Steamship Stockholders Protective Committee, 150 Broadway, N. Y. C.

T., Sr. Charles, Mo.: Both the Kelvinator Corp. and the Nizer Corp. are comparatively new, but are making a success of their business of manufacturing electric refrigerators. Each has begun to pay dividends and each has a promising outlook. Although not seasoned their stocks are rather attractive business men's purchases. Should the two concerns consolidate, as has been rumored, the issues of the new combination also should have merit.

S., Toledo, O.: The decline in Doehler Die Casting stock was explained by the president as due to decrease of profits caused by moving the business to a new location. The dividend had to be passed, but he declared that the company was operating at full capacity and that dividends should before long be resumed. If you feel that you cannot wait you might sell your Doehler shares and buy Continental Motor, which is paying 8 per cent. on par ($10). Amer. La France, paying $1 yearly, makes a yield of 8 per cent. on recent market price and it is a fairly well seasoned dividend payer. Paige Detroit Motor common, paying $1.20, yields about 6 per cent. on quotation. Moon Motor on a $3 basis lately yielded more than 8 per cent. All these at present look more desirable than Doehler.

D., Evart, Mich.: Apparently Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation's position will be strong in case of a general revival in the oil industry. Oil stocks as a class have been very disappointing. Frequently the time has seemed ripe for a pronounced upward movement in them, but this has failed to materialize. These issues are still lagging and nobody can foresee the day for a decided turn for the better.

J., Port Leyden, N. Y.: Whether the Mid-Continent Petroleum Corp. will soon declare a dividend on its common stock the directors alone can tell, but the financial condition of the corporation makes that step possible. During the first six months of 1925 the corporation earned $5.24 on common after preferred dividends. There was a great increase both in revenue and working capital during the past six months, and substantial amounts of bonds and preferred stock were retired.

G., Cincinnati, O.: The Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co. is operating very profitably. Its income for the half year ending June 30, 1925, equaled $4.27 on the common stock, after allowing for preferred dividends and Federal taxes. As the yearly dividend rate is only $6, the company bids fair to add largely to its surplus this year. The common shares, even at present dividend, are making a liberal return and it is reasonably safe for you to hold your 500 share certificate.

V., Portland, Me.: There are numerous preferred 7 per cent. stocks of good grade, though of varying merit, which are quoted below par. They include American Beet Sugar pfd., American Woolen pfd., Crucible Steel pfd., Dodge Bros. pfd., Electric Power & Light pfd., International Paper pfd., and Armour of Delaware pfd. This gives you a fair range of selections for the investment of your surplus funds.

P., Richmond, Va.: American Beet Sugar Co. has had an excellent comeback from its former state of depression. It pays $4 on common and $7 on preferred, which dividends it is expected to maintain. At current prices both issues make very satisfactory yields. The greater safety of the preferred offsets the higher net return on the common. You might try some of each.

R., Toronto, Ont.: Of course Hudson Motor stock is more than high enough for its present dividend of $3. The company's earnings have shown a big increase so far this year, net indicating $7 per share for the first six months. Continuance of such profit should certainly bring about a higher dividend rate. Evidently the market price of the shares is based on the expectation of this. The company's relations with the Ford Co. are close and assures it a good standing, even if the rumored merger never takes place. The Hayes Wheel Co. has prospered along with the automobile industry in general. The return on its stock ($3½, partly stock), is attractive and earnings are encouraging. A concern manufacturing an accessory is not so firmly based as one producing a complete vehicle.

J., Topeka, Kan.: Allied Packers 8 per cent. bonds are not of high grade, although they may be reasonably safe. The Henry A. Doherty enterprises have had much success and the bonds of the Cities' Service Utilities Co. should be a prudent purchase. The 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds, secured by Florida properties and advertised in Judge, look as safe as the general run of such issues.

T., New York City: The Atlantic Lobos Oil Co. has paid no dividends, even on preferred stock, since 1921, and so its common stock has little attraction. Alaska Gold Mines suspended operations in 1922 and defaulted on its bonds. Its shares are valueless. The U. S. Steamship Co. has seemingly been crushed by its financial troubles. Its stock is nowhere quoted. The Carbon Steel Co. has had to report several yearly deficits with total suspension of dividends. This concern's stocks are undesirable. It is surprising that a resident of New York City should question the value of Standard Oil of New Jersey stock. This great corporation's issues are quoted daily in the financial columns of the newspapers. Scan the stock market reports for prices and dividends. Butte Copper and Zinc, though not a particularly good stock, pays 50 cents yearly and was lately quoted at less than $6.

D., Trenton, N. J.: Technical conditions have been mainly responsible for the recent fluctuations in the stock market. In the battles of the bulls and bears each side has seized on every tactical advantage. Prices have frequently been pushed up or down with little or no sound reason. Fundamental conditions, however, have been essentially sound. The majority of recent trade reviews declare that business this summer has made a better showing than it did a year ago. There is general optimism as to the autumn outlook. Should commerce and industry suffer no setbacks, the stock market will naturally reflect the country's prosperity. The ten stocks you own are intrinsically sound and can be held with confidence. Don't let slight variations in market prices disturb you.

T., Springfield, Ill.: The creation of a new subsidiary of the Submarine Boat Co. and the distribution of the new company stock to Submarine shareholders, as a dividend, added nothing to the latter's wealth. The segregation of the boat constructing business from the ship operating business was a wise step and it may in time benefit all concerned.

New York, August 15, 1925.

Free Booklets for Investors

The Trust Co. of Florida, Miami, Fla., calculates that $25,000 invested at 8 per cent. earns in ten years 28.8 per cent. more principal, and 71.8 per cent. more income than if invested at 6 per cent. The company's new booklet, "2% to 4% Extra," charts many examples of profit possibilities. It indicates how 8 per cent. can be obtained safely on investments in Florida. The booklet (213) will be sent by the company to any applicant.

The fact that six and one-half out of every ten new Miller bonds are bought by old customers is stressed in an announcement by the well-known bond house of G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East Forty-second street, N. Y. City. Within the past five years the sales of Miller first mortgage real estate bonds have increased greatly. These bonds pay as high as 7 per cent. and are based on desirable properties in live cities. They are fully described in booklet 108, which will be mailed by the company to any address.

The average investor is not apt to be familiar with the factors which determine the soundness and safety of securities. In its booklet, "How to Analyze a First Mortgage Bond," the Strauss Corporation shows how to decide on the relative values of contemplated investments. To secure a copy of this financial guide, apply for J-88 to the Strauss Investing Corporation, 300 Madison avenue, N. Y. City.

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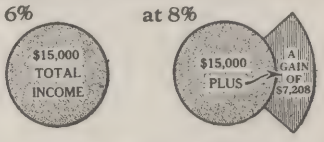

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"The Busybody"
By Sam Brown

A tantalizing and appealing picture that is a wonderful delineation of virile living motion. It is almost possible to see the turn and toss of this attractive figure. Our reproduction in all the vivid coloring of the painting is from the engraver's original plates. Printed on heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches.

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"Be Yourself"
By Robert Patterson

All of the mad, frolicking impishness that is so often hidden behind a saintly mask of demureness by daughters of Eve has been captured by the artist in this intriguing picture. Printed in full color on heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ by 11¼ inches, ready for framing.

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Nervous Husband (whose wife is ill)—Don't keep me in suspense, Doctor. Tell me the worst.

Doctor—She'll pull through! —*Gaiety*

A Rabbit's Day

YESTERDAY I played my first game of tennis this year—and last year, too, for that matter. I played because they wanted a fourth and would accept no excuse, attributing my unwillingness to sheer lethargy rather than to natural modesty. So I sighed, put away my book, shook eleven moths from the old flannel bags, retrieved my racket from the lumber-room and went forth to the ordeal.

There are several things that I can do reasonably well, but tennis is not one of them. Never, I fancy, will you see me at Wimbledon, carrying seven rackets, four blazers, three sweaters and an eyeshade, distributing autographs with a languid grace, leaping about the court like an inebriated gazelle and scowling bitterly at the umpire. As a watcher of tennis I have few superiors; as a player thereof I have several million.

Those with whom I tried to play tennis yesterday were, unfortunately, enthusiasts. Two females there were, of the hearty-voiced, large-footed, plum-faced kind; and one male—a man who smokes shag, drinks two gallons of beer a day and hits tennis balls as if they owed him money. All relatives of mine, so I can say what I like about them, thank goodness.

We began by spinning a number of rackets violently in all directions and peering earnestly at them as they lay upon the ground. As a result of this singular rite I found myself partnered to a plum-faced female, who said that she would serve and would I go up to the net. I went up to the net, and her first ball hit me forcibly on the back of the neck, well-nigh stunning me. This, she said, was entirely my fault, because I was blocking her line of sight.

We lost that first game rather severely, and the plum-faced female had one or two things to say about it. We lost the second game, too, because I only saw the ball once, which was when the shag-smoker drove it into my diaphragm and knocked me out of court. The plum-faced female said that if I wanted to go to sleep she would have a deck-chair brought out for me.

We lost the third game also, because I was serving. Now I can hit a tennis ball as hard as any man, but my aim lacks accuracy. To get the infernal thing over the net I must send it high into the air, with the result that the shag-smoker can do pretty well what he likes with it after it has bounced. This he did, remarking that the enforced wait for one of my services to come down was dangerous to a man in an overheated condition.

By this time the plum-faced female was muttering to herself and looking at me as if I was her dearest friend.

Funnybones

Some men are all bull and a yard wide.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

"Can you beat it? I called him a dirty bum, a liar and a low-down crook and he never said a word!"

"Force of habit, old boy; he's an umpire." —*Le Merle Blanc*

In a praiseworthy but mistaken endeavor to pull the game out of the fire, she tried now to do all the work herself, rushing feverishly about the court like a demented goat and leaping into the air in a manner remarkable to see. Seven times she collided violently with me, and then gave it up, saying that I was as good as a handicap any day.

In the middle of the next game the proceedings came to an abrupt end so far as I was concerned, for a ball from the shag-smoker caught me squarely on the racket and passed through it without a pause, leaving a mess of shattered strings. Whereupon the plum-faced female said something that I had never heard her say before and marched heavily into the house. As for me, I went back to my book, happy in the conviction that I shall not be asked to play tennis again this season.

—*London Mail*

No Obstacle

Magnate (to hard-up suitor)—Young man, d'yer know how I made my money?

Young Man—Yes—but I can't permit that to stand in the way of Muriel's happiness!

—*Indian Witness*

Her Error

He had spoken to her on the street and she was properly insulted.

"I don't know you from Adam!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"You ought," he retorted mildly. "I'm dressed different."

—*American Legion Weekly*

Sure Sign of Inexperience

Woman in Auto—Good heavens, son, we've just run over a poor man! Stop! Stop!

Driver—Keep still, mother; you'll make every one think this is the first time we were ever out in an auto.

—*Le Rire* (Paris)

Actor (being asked for references)—Well, I can only say that my last landlady wept when I left.

Landlady—Maybe, but I shan't. I want payment in advance.

—*Passing Show*

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GRAY HAIR
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Do not enclose postage for FUNNYBONES or EPILAUGHS as *they will not be returned.*

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Manuscripts—Literary Editor of JUDGE,

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627 West 43d Street, New York City

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A new automatic and self-regulating device has been invented by John A. Stransky, 810 Fourth Street, Pukwana, South Dakota, with which automobiles have made from 35 to 57 miles on a gallon of gasoline. It removes carbon and reduces spark plug trouble and overheating. It can be installed by any one in five minutes. Mr Stransky wants distributors and is willing to send a sample at his own risk. Write him today.

THE BEST

101 HOOK-UPS

Revised and Brought Up-to-date

The Annual Hook-Up Number of POPULAR RADIO (July, 1925) is an invaluable guide and reference to every user and prospective user of a radio receiving set, as it contains over 100 of the most approved circuit diagrams, together with cost of parts, approximate range and other valuable information that is essential to the fan who is deciding what kind of a set will best meet his own particular needs.

Although there has been an unprecedented demand for copies of this issue, there are still available a limited number for fans who were unfortunate enough not to secure a copy. While our supply of this July issue of POPULAR RADIO lasts we will mail your copy upon receipt of—

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we will add a copy of
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

GOING OVER

The Oarsman—Hi! Duck, man!
The Other (emphatically)—Don't be an ass, they're geese!
—*Grand Magazine*

Razzzzzzzberries!

(*Continued from page 19*)

due to the way he walks or the way he's built, but he certainly looks out of plumb to me.

Between the two rhubard pies featuring Mr. Lytell there's very little choice. If one is bad, the other is fierce and vice versa, depending on whether you prefer the "woman-in-business" or the "peg-o-my-heart" motif.

The former theme adds Irene Rich's name to the fast-growing list of film ladies who have successfully run steel plants during the past few weeks. First there was Pauline Fredericks in "Smouldering Fires." (That *was* a romper factory, wasn't it? Well, let's not quibble!) Then there was Mary Alden in "Siege." Now we have the gloriously edifying and erudite contribution to art and entertainment known as "Eve's Lover." I have, together with eighteen or two other fundamentalists, always thought that the gent suggested by the title was Adam. However, this is not the case. Evolution has turned him into Bert Lytell.

"Eve's Lover" is miles behind either of the two preceding feministic films mentioned. It's the old anthem, grown past all credulity, of the scheming business rival who will stoop to anything. This time his bending takes the form of preying on the susceptibility of a lady who has never known love, except the tender caresses of steel rails and the soft embrace of factory smoke. To do this the villain employs Lytell, who wears

Professor (to his old cook)—You have now been in my service for twenty-five years. As a reward for your true and faithful service I am naming a new bacterium after you.
—*Klods Hans* (Copenhagen)

a mustache, and does his best to act like a no-account count (but I knew him anyway), and offers him an untidy sum to marry Eve and force her to sell out. But our count suddenly goes democratic, weakens, falls really-truly in love and—*oh, what's the use!*

"Never the Twain Shall Meet," the other one, is the Peter B. Kyne story of the same name and is 100 per cent. cinema. It sets out to prove that the "East," as personified by Anita Stewart, a South Sea princess, and the "West," exemplified in the shiningly aggressive and business-like countenance of our inevitable hero, a wealthy San Franciscan in the import business, can never twain. What it does prove is that they *can so!* But you have to know the ropes.

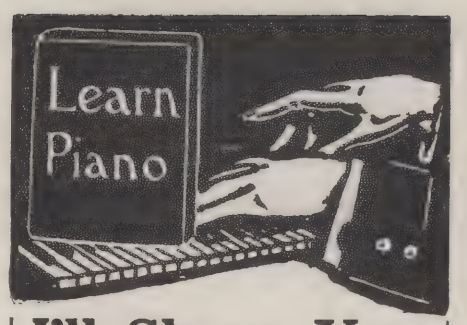
In the course of his business Bertie acquires the guardianship of the half-caste, Tamea, in which part Miss Stewart gives a most convincing interpretation of Anita Stewart with a marcel wave and three gallons of walnut stain to her credit.

She steals the honorable M. Lytell from his former effete sweetheart, after it is convincingly proven that a half-caste South Sea princess cannot be assimilated by San Francisco society, and they go back to her lil' island to get married in true Hawaiian fashion. But they don't make much of a go of Polynesian life together; for instance, he forgets to shave, so Anita sends the weak-willed Bertie back to his occidental love and receives in exchange the undying devotion of Huntley Gordon (which seems to be a bargain to me), whom she said she hated, but of course was just joking. The title, "Never the Twain Shall Meet" is disproven at least once in each reel and twice in the first and last ones. And the subtitles, written personally by Mr. Kyne, are dreadful.

"The Ranger of the Big Pines" is another piece of soft wood. It was obviously made simply because some one had twelve horses, a half dozen assorted 45's, a cabin in the woods, eight back drops of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and a lumberjack shirt. The shirt belonged to Kenneth Harlan, so they let him act in the picture. This can be listed among such honors as membership in the National Geographic Society. Helene Costello was similarly honored. It must have been her cottage. She *does* look like her dad. However, there's a little bit of good in every bad little film—usually—and in this instance it is the sterling work of Eulalie Jensen as a hard-boiled frontiersman's widow, or a frontiersman's hard-boiled widow, or both.

Next week! The great celebration on the eve of Greater Movie Season!

"Is Billy in?"
"Course 'e is! Can't yer see 'is shirt on the line?"
—*Gaiety*



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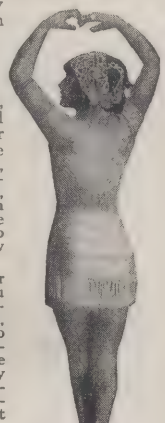
"Shame on women who are always weak and ailing"

—Annette Kellermann

WHEN I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. For nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure, the champion woman swimmer of the world, starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened. My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight, or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home. Is it any wonder that I say "shame on women who are always weak and ailing"?

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you—and by only a ten-day trial—that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful; how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside; how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow face; how to stand and walk gracefully; how to add or remove weight at any part of the body: hips, busts, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from the many ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.



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If outside U. S. send 10c to help pay postage.

"Henry, what is your opinion of trial marriages?"

"Dangerous, my dear. Too apt to end in the real thing!" *—Le Rire*

The First Gun

(Continued from page 16)

a high potential mark. But their genius does not, unfortunately, include the art of dramatic writing. Their play is old stuff unrelieved by any fresh imaginative or humorous touches and written very largely the way Joe Jackson rides a bicycle.

The scene is a bungalow in Maine and the action has to do with a group of men and women who are imprisoned in the house because of a violent storm. It is thus the two thousandth theatrical exhibit in which the scene is a bungalow in Maine and the action of which has to do with a group of men and women who are imprisoned in the house because of a violent storm. What happens in these plays is known to every sober child over the age of three. The acting disclosed in this most recent reboiling of the ancient *conte* was, save for an amusing performance of a slight rôle by Arthur Aylsworth, nothing to get out a special edition about. A. H. Van Buren, as the host, showed all the comic variety of a North Dakota prairie. Donald Foster, a presentable young man with what is apparently a measure of equipment for comedy, gave so painstakingly obvious an imitation of Henry Hull, who played the rôle during the try-out process, that Hull should petition the Actors' Equity Association for half of his salary. The women of the company did nothing, although in fairness to them it must be said that they were given small reason for exerting themselves any more than they did.

II

BY THE time these wise words reach the public and spread their light from coast to coast, the season will be going full blast. Already, indeed, there is talk in the newspapers of one or two hundred thousand new theaters due shortly to be erected on Broadway, of five or six thousand colossal million dollar productions and of seventy or eighty thousand permanent repertory companies. Therefore, as will readily be seen, it is to be a promising season. Soon the newspapers will begin again to herald new Eugene O'Neills by the dozen and new Sarah Bernhardts by the gross. Soon again we shall be reading of countless new masterpieces, of innumerable new geniuses, of a Broadway that makes the court of Lorenzo de' Medici look like the office of a hardware journal. And soon again we shall perhaps actually find one respectable play in every fifty and one moderately competent acting performance in every one hundred.

THE ACROBAT'S CHILD

Proud Mother—Ain't he bright f'r his years, th' little darlin'! In a coupla years, if all goes well, he'll be able t' walk on his feet! *—Le Rire*

Meanwhile, restraining our impatience as best we can, let us look into a vaudeville theater. I allude to the Palace. What present-day vaudeville is like may be appreciated from a one-act play I beheld there and which was announced to be the bill's *pièce de resistance*. Its title: "A Common Man"; its star: the M. Richard Bennett; its theme: a defense and eulogy of the Babbitt. A Babbitt's wife resents his lack of culture and plans to elope with her French teacher. The Babbitt pleads with her not to believe such pseudo-intellectual mudslingers as Sinclair Lewis and not to desert him and their sweet child. But in vain. The wife leaves. The Babbitt steps to a radio broadcaster and begins to deliver an oration on Abraham Lincoln, but when he gets to the line, "He was a common man," the Babbitt melts into tears. Finally drying his eyes, the Babbitt then turns his back to the radio and proceeds to pay tribute to the Babbitts who saved the world for democracy, ending up with this magnificent piece of fireworks: "It's got to stop, this laughing at us Babbitts! If it is a disgrace to follow in the footsteps of a common man like Abe Lincoln, then God help America!" Curtain.

To add anything by way of criticism of vaudeville is unnecessary.

Straight as a Die

"You are an habitual criminal!" roared the judge. "I'll wager you cannot tell of one honest thing you have ever done."

"Sure I can!" retorted the prisoner indignantly. "Didn't I ring up 'No sale' when I opened the cash register in the hold-up?"

—American Legion Weekly

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

(EDITOR'S NOTE—JUDGE *receives so many interesting letters that he wants to share them with his readers. Under this heading, therefore, he intends printing from time to time those letters to the editor, or extracts from them, that he considers pertinent. Correspondents who wish their letters printed should try to make them brief, and whether they sign them or not, should always accompany them with their full names and addresses.*)

Poor Miss Liberty

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sir: A recent issue of your publication has come to my notice and I wish to register a protest against the depicting of such a subject for a cover. I refer to the one where the Goddess of Liberty is shown in a drunken and fallen condition, the issue of the magazine being called "Slave's Number."

It seems to me that when prohibition is the law of our land, and the goddess of liberty stands as the emblem of all that is true and ennobling—that for you to choose to desecrate that emblem, even in the name of humor, is uncalled for and will certainly meet with decided disapproval on the part of right-thinking Americans.

Very truly yours,
F. Hopkins

New York City
July 28, 1925.

Don't Mind the Boobs!

To the Editors of JUDGE:

I wished to remark a few remarks about the latest JUDGE editorial, in which a dizzy world is made sober by the imposing news that your office is 100 per cent. Protestant.

I understand that boob pressure can reach the point where it must be recognized by a publication; but since it's a question of pressure, permit me to do a little shoving on behalf of your collegiate circulation.

My collegiate acquaintance runs from Columbia to the University of Florida to Chicago University, and I should like to break it to you that God isn't going so good in these circles. I dare say a magazine staff could march through some dozen universities I know, with halos brightly polished and chanting hymns, without effect other than pronounced pains you-know-where, as Mr. Shane remarks.

The staggering but sober truth is that these young squirts really haven't very definite information and data on divinity, and you know a collegian without his data is lost. It's a leaping, yelling shame, but the college graduate of to-day knows less about God than some poor, ignorant Russian peasant! So, in anxiety to reach the faithful, I'd suggest not becoming too officially divine, because on the JUDGE present program of *laissez faire*, evolution, and anti-boob fare, you're going strong in the colleges. That, something tells me, must be *that*.

Sincerely,
Wayne G. Haisley

Chicago, Ill.
July 31, 1925.

(Just to tuck away any fond notions, I must protest that I am Nordic—likewise white—and of Protestant parentage. But that, I protest further, is beyond my control.—W. G. H.)

High Hat

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Just a few lines to let you know that I enjoyed the "High Hat" department as long as it lasted, and now that it isn't there any more I miss it; especially that part called the "Six Best Steppers."

It's something to keep us hicks in the tall grass up-to-date in our music.

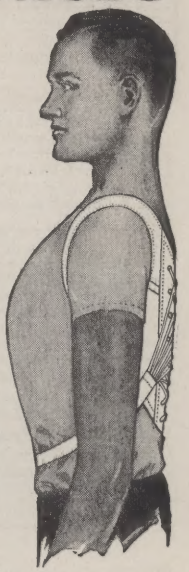
Yours very sincerely,
R. P. Kemble

Mount Carmel, Pa.
August 3, 1925.

(*Editor's Note*—The "High Hat" department has not been discontinued. Readers will find and, we hope, enjoy it in subsequent issues.)

Straighten Up! Breathe Deeply! End Round Shoulders

Thru New Automatic Chest Developer



Gets same results as military setting up—only quicker! Straightens you up at once. Gives a wonderful feeling of health and fitness. Absolutely comfortable—light as a feather and invisible.

Science has at last found a marvelous undergarment that fits lightly on the shoulders and works wonders with thin, round shouldered, hollow chested people—men, women and children. The moment you put it on your shoulders square. Your chest expands full of fresh air. You begin to breathe deeply and almost at once you feel possessed of new vitality.

Yet for all these amazing results, you forget you are wearing this chest developer the moment after you have put it on. Made of feather weight fabric, it is light as a feather. It goes round the shoulders, leaving the chest free. At once you feel your chest begin to lift with healthy inhalation. Backaches go as the strain is lifted off your spine. Your nerves feel the relief in an instant. The whole effect is to tone up your system and give you an instant military posture.

Hollow Chested Boys and Girls Show Marked Improvement

The Weil Military Chest Developer is actually an adaptation of the academy uniform, only it is lighter and more comfortable. It is built on the same principle—that if the weight is taken off cramped lung space your chest will begin to fill out. Frail, skinny boys and girls show remarkable improvement in a few weeks. Stoop shouldered, hollow chested men and women take on a new vigor and carriage.

By throwing shoulders back—by breathing deeply—you quickly strengthen your lungs and chest. Doctors and military men everywhere endorse its use.

WEIL MILITARY CHEST DEVELOPER

Try It At Our Risk

Send no money. You can try this chest developer for 5 days without risking one cent. Just fill out and mail the coupon. Be sure to give chest measurement. When the Chest Developer comes, pay the postman only $2.85 plus postage. If after 5 days' trial you are not delighted, return chest developer and your money will be instantly refunded. Send today! The Weil Company, C-78 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
C-78 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me the new Weil Military Chest Developer. I will pay the postman only $2.85, plus postage, in full payment. If not delighted after 5 days' trial, I may return the Chest Developer and you agree to return my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Chest Measure.....Inches

"My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hurray! Hurray!
—from an Ancient Folk Song

ARE YOU A MARRIED MAN?

If so, you will be especially interested in

The Summer Widowers Number
of
JUDGE

NEXT WEEK AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

NOTE: Although this number is for MARRIED MEN ONLY sale will not be denied to any curious bachelor or lady who presents 15 cents for a copy. It will NOT be necessary to show your marriage certificate to the newsstand dealer.

Salesmen Wanted—

We want to hear from earnest men who are ambitious for success and willing to work hard to achieve it. For such men we have a proposition that is unequalled in the selling field. Our line is men's clothes, tailored to special order from the finest quality of pure Virgin-Wool fabrics. We sell these clothes direct to the consumer through special representatives at the one low price of $31.50. The values are positively equal to the clothes sold by others at $50.00 or more.

We supply our men with a powerful selling outfit, give them thorough training, pay them liberally and give them protected territory in which to work. Selling experience while desirable, isn't necessary. The important thing is honesty, dependability and the ambition to make good. If you have these qualities, let us hear from you at once. Sign and mail the coupon or better still, write us a letter. You'll hear from us promptly in reply. Address Dept. 782,

GOODWEAR Chicago, Inc.
West Adams at Peoria Street **Chicago**

Gentlemen: I am interested in your proposition. Please send the facts without obligation to me. 782.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

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Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

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EQUITABLE MUSIC CORPORATION
1658R Broadway New York City

WRITE FOR *Free Book* ON *Song Writing*

THE SPOKESMAN—*'Ave yer seen a bloke thrown out of 'ere ter-day, Miss?*

BARMAID—*No.*

"Lumme, I wonder where old Bill's got to, then!"

Insured to the Gills

(Continued from page 17)

sured, Mrs. Herold will be worth in the neighborhood of $9,000,000 and considerably more if I die as the result of being run over by a kiddie car, scooter or tricycle or any other vehicle operated by a child under five years old under the influence of liquor.

I am insured against stepladders, lawn mowers, clothes racks, cork pullers, manholes, cellar steps, safety razors, trick cigars, banana peelings, cornices, cinders, folding beds, falling hickory nuts, wild animal bites (at circuses and vaudeville shows), theater seats, and, well, practically everything that closes up and pinches a person, including hammocks and camp stools. (I dropped my one-man-top insurance when we bought a sedan.)

My line of poison insurance policies alone would fill a vault. I am insured against the following forms of poisoning, and perhaps others which have slipped my mind: ivy, rattlesnake, Easter egg, laundry, dining-car, barber shop, and dairy lunch.

Week before last I took out a gin insurance policy for the benefit of my daughter, Doris. This not only provides a good income for Doris in case I die at the hands of gin, but it has the unique added attraction of insuring Doris against any lack of gin when she goes to college. The insurance company will keep Doris in gin through her four years in college, and they say this is much better than giving her a lump sum when she leaves home to go to school. The insurance companies are getting real motherly these days.

Under another policy that I carry, Mrs. Herold is assured of a new fur coat every two years after I reach the age of eighty-five. This policy provides for what is known as old-age fur coverage.

Of course I have my life insured, going and coming. There is no form of life or death that does not seem actually delightful under the terms of my various contracts. The best policy I have is known as an "innocent bystander policy." It covers me even for accidents in which I am not even sentimentally interested.

Then there is my policy which covers me against loss of time and temper occasioned by visits by old friends and relatives.

I'm even protected against telephone calls.

So you see there is positively nothing about which I need to worry. I am so well insured that Mrs. Herold sometimes jokingly refers to me as the armadillo.

My only real worry is this fact, which I have just discovered, that is, that my annual premiums total $1,723.42 *more* than my annual income, and what I am wondering now is if it is possible to take out an insurance policy which will insure me against being crazy enough ever to take out any more insurance of any kind whatsoever.

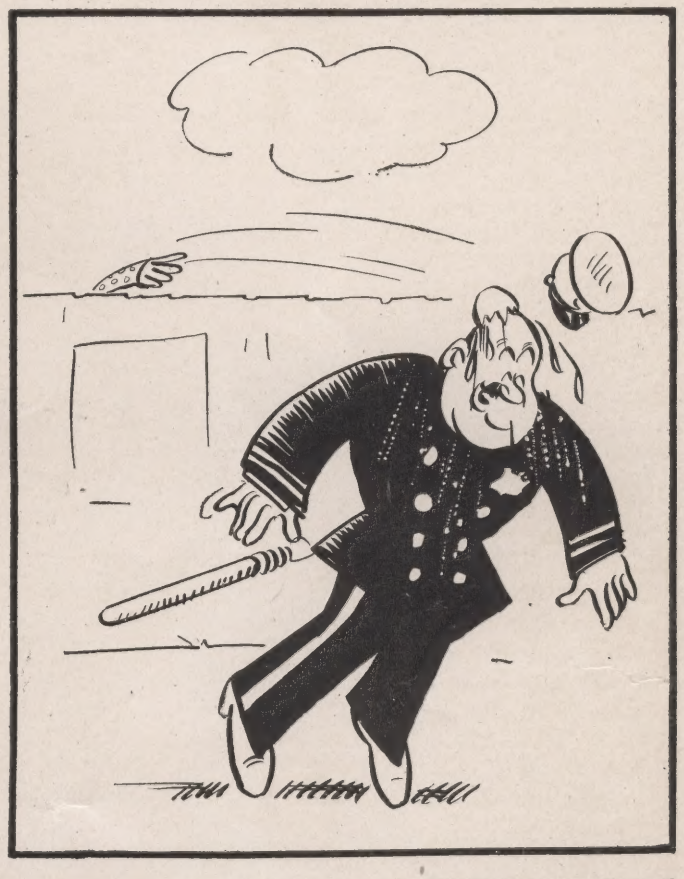
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred.

Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space. Cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes August 31. Winning ending appears in the issue of September 19.



Toasting brings out the hidden flavor of the world's finest tobaccos. A combination millions can't resist.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK